

# THE LIVING AGE

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## AROUND THE WORLD

BRITISH politics continue quiescent except for an occasional by-election.

*Midwinter Quiet in Great Britain*  
should get together to regiment the world. This suggestion made little appeal to prudent editorial thought abroad, principally because, as the *Daily News* said, it promised to invite 'a more than usually frantic torrent of denunciation in the most passionately chauvinist French, Italian, or Russian newspapers,' and to increase the cleavage between the 'Anglo-Saxon' peoples and the rest of the world already embarrassing international politics. The *Westminster Gazette* hastened to declare that 'the British Commonwealth could not think for a moment of isolating itself from Geneva to enter into Mr. Hearst's scheme of a mere English-speaking league with an armaments force of its own'; the *Liverpool Post* thought Mr. Hearst moved not by affection for the Empire but by a desire 'to dish' the League; and the *Spectator* agreed that the other members of the

League could hardly fail to consider the suggested compact 'an insulting bid by the English-speaking peoples to rule the world.' But Mr. Garvin was not so pessimistic. He emphasized the primary necessity of the League of Nations, but saw forcible arguments behind Mr. Hearst's proposal: 'The League as now existing is not sufficient to secure world peace. Without the United States the League never can be sufficient. More. For world purposes, even for the larger European purposes, America holds the League in the hollow of her hand. Why? Because sea power is now divided. Decisive powers of blockade and supply cannot again be applied by Britain except in concert with America. Thus, as Mr. Hearst feels, some closer community of the English-speaking peoples is bound to become vital to every one of them, and as vital to the peace of the world. We cannot enter now into all the details of the proposed coöperative pact. Enough to say that it would achieve two purposes. First, the English-speaking nations would stand together if any one of them were seriously threatened by any external combination; in that case

they would never be attacked. Second, whenever world peace itself was threatened, its maintenance would be assured by their own combined weight thrown into the same scale.'

Meanwhile, Mr. Murray Allison, one of those public-spirited Britishers who strive to better the world by contributions to the weekly press, suggests that the League of Nations start a publicity campaign to shock people out of their apathy regarding it and to inform them of its origins and aims. An advertising campaign stimulating the imagination is what Mr. Allison wants, and he recommends expending two million pounds sterling, or some ten million dollars, for this object.

M. Briand stirred up a tiny tempest in England by publicly asserting that

*A Briand-Stresemann Bloc* the foundations of the Locarno policy were laid at Cannes in 1922 during

the famous golf game between himself and Lloyd George. The *Times* was irritated into a denial of the statement by this connection of Lloyd George's name with anything of good repute, but it might better have let sleeping dogs lie, for the combative little Welshman came back with a letter pointing out that the Cannes Memorandum was identical with the spirit of Locarno, and was even more catholic in its scope, as it proposed to embrace all Europe within the compass of its good will. During the last Geneva conferences some opposition to M. Briand developed in Paris — serious enough, apparently, to create a suspicion in the Foreign Minister's mind that Poincaré was manœuvring against him. *Le Figaro*, which is simultaneously Radical and Nationalist, was moved to call for a showdown between the two men — a formal announcement by Premier Poincaré in the Chamber that the Cabinet was of one mind regarding France's

foreign policy. That was not made, but M. Briand was given an opportunity to defend his policy before the Chamber and to secure an overwhelming vote of endorsement. He also took a press offensive against his Nationalist critics with the interview which we publish as our leading article this week, and with a similar pronouncement in another Paris journal. Boulevard gossip has it that Poincaré dislikes the Cannes-Thoiry programme, but has no alternative to propose in its place. French ultra-Nationalists and Royalists are trying to adjust themselves to the new situation created by the Vatican's placing *L'Action Française*, their leading newspaper, on the Index. The Duke of Guise has written MM. Maurras and Daudet, its editors, a letter of sympathy and support, in which he says that 'Royalists, faithful to their traditional doctrine, will remain, whatever happens, full of respect for religion and the Church, while maintaining in politics, on which the very life of the nation depends, that legitimate independence which in such matters the French monarchy was always careful to preserve.' An unpopular alliance with intransigent Royalists would not help the Vatican to secure an amendment or repeal of the anticlerical laws, which it is its chief object to obtain.

The new Marx Cabinet in Germany will, it is hoped, still further strengthen

*Germany* the Briand-Stresemann programme in Europe. It would be premature to say that Monarchists and Pan-Germans have ceased to threaten the Republic, but they seem to be a waning force for reaction. Each successive Cabinet reconstruction commits them to increasing coöperation with the Republicans. A few persistent skeptics, nevertheless, detect new dangers, in the present course of European re-

construction. *Progrès Civique* imagines that the new treaty of arbitration between Germany and Italy betokens an international Fascist alliance. This suspicion provoked more mirth than resentment in the Italian press, which now advertises Fascism as the same stabilizing factor in international politics that it is claimed to have been in Italy's domestic politics.

Eastern Europe has been on its good behavior lately. The Lithuanian coup d'état has, to be sure, shown signs of turning into a White terror, and Russia is consequently looking askance at her tiny neighbor, to whom she was so cordial some months ago. Hungary is waiting to see how Count Bethlen, safely entrenched behind a big majority, will approach two important questions — Transylvania, and the succession to the throne. Since the Calvinist Count was born in Transylvania, speaks Rumanian and Hungarian with equal fluency, and one of his Rumanian cousins is prominent at Bucharest, a friendly understanding with that country is expected. But who the Count's candidate for King is, no one definitely knows. He is likely to sit tight until he feels that the time has come for him to produce a monarch and to announce to the Allies that his choice is the choice of the nation, since his Government has been endorsed by an overwhelming majority of the voters. Count Bethlen will shortly pay a visit to Signor Mussolini, primarily to negotiate for a Hungarian outlet to the sea. The new Yugoslav Cabinet formed after Nincić's resignation is predominantly Radical, and, in spite of the Tirana Treaty, seems disposed to keep on friendly relations with Rome. This lends plausibility to the rumor that it will likewise be a party to the prospective Hungarian-Italian conversations, especially since

Yugoslavia, whose national railways will profit by any traffic diverted from North Sea ports to the Adriatic, is moved by economic motives to favor the wishes of the other two countries. Late in December Father Sante Scarpa, a priest of the parish of San Floriano, in Vittorio Veneto, who served as a chaplain in the Italian army throughout the war, died of wounds inflicted by Fascisti because he refused to disband a group of Catholic boy scouts which he had organized. 'Schoolma'ams' are looked upon with disfavor by the Department of Public Instruction at Rome, especially as teachers in advanced grades, on the ground that they do not give their pupils a sufficiently virile outlook upon life. Filippo Turati, the veteran Social Democratic leader who recently escaped from Italy, — Fascist papers declare he could have had a passport if he had asked for it, — explains his desertion of his fatherland by his desire to fight for the rights of man where fighting in a good cause is still permitted. Senator Sforza, an ex-ambassador and ex-foreign minister, was not equally successful in leaving the country. He was arrested at Turin, while on his way to France to attend a meeting of the Carnegie Peace Foundation — it is said, because he had offended Mussolini by an article upon Mazzini published in an English review, in which he permitted himself certain reflections on arbitrary government. Reports are also current that the Senator's country house at Forte dei Marmi has been burned and his residence at Rome has been pillaged by indignant admirers of the *Duce*.

Reports from Spain continue as contradictory as ever. A Madrid correspondent of *Kölnische Zeitung* writes that 1927 opened with popular discontent universal. A great number of Spaniards, both at home and

abroad, are determined to overthrow the Directory. So long as these men keep active and have the support of a considerable body of public opinion the nerves of the country will remain on edge. Mlle. Clara Candiani, an enterprising staff writer for *Le Figaro*, interviewed King Alfonso, Primo de Rivera, and Count Romanones late in December, and secured from the former two gentlemen the unimpeachable evidence of their own word that all was 'quiet along the Potomac.' The King said: 'I have faith in Spain. . . . It is never possible to realize all our hopes. The work of the Directory — not superhuman, but very human — has caused some disillusionment.' The last admission was extenuated by the assertion: 'It is well understood that this form of government will not be eternal; its very character makes it temporary.' The monarch could not predict just when it would end; but he assured the correspondent that he and Primo de Rivera were in full accord. Speaking of the artillery mutineers, whom he had just pardoned, the King declared: 'Our artillery is an élite body, recruited in much the same way as the old German Imperial Guard. It is composed of the aristocracy, of people of the highest social rank in Spain, of whatever is great and distinguished in the nation. . . . They committed a romantic blunder in demanding special privileges and rebelling against being treated like the rest of the army.' Primo de Rivera assured his interviewer that Mussolini was not his model, although he admired that gentleman deeply. He intends to retain control of the Government 'long enough to dissipate the miasmas that still poison the land.' Since ninety-nine per cent of the people of Spain are behind him, he cannot desert his post.

*Spanish Contradictions*

With regard to the Constitution, the sovereign, 'who is King by the grace of God,' can suspend that when the superior interests of the country demand. Naturally, the venerable Count Romanones, the most eminent defender of parliamentary institutions in Spain, was not equally enraptured with present conditions. He told Mlle. Candiani: 'I have always been a faithful subject of His Majesty, a monarchist — but first of all a constitutional monarchist. I believe that our present duty is to make our constitutional ideal supreme, *with the monarchy or without it*.'

General Hertzog proposes to push the bill for a new national emblem for South Africa, but instead of abolishing all *Africa* recognition of the Empire, as originally proposed, he will simply substitute the royal coat of arms in place of the eliminated Union Jack. More important to those far enough away to be indifferent to controversies over symbols is the successful conclusion of the round-table conference at Cape Town, between an Indian delegation and representatives of the Union, to settle the status of East Indians in South Africa. An agreement is said to have been reached with greater ease than was anticipated, but its terms will not be known until it has been officially reported to the respective Governments of the two countries. Simultaneously the Native Lands Bill, which is also to come before the Union Parliament at its forthcoming session, is a subject of popular debate. The law deals on a national scale with the question of race segregation, which we in America have tried to enforce by legal ordinances and extralegal prohibitions. But it represents a retreat from the more rigorous application of that policy as expressed in the Act of 1913, by weakening the native's guarantees of

ownership in districts reserved for his occupation. A South African correspondent, criticizing the bill in the *Manchester Guardian*, says: 'It is perhaps too late in the day to carry out any policy of segregation; it is probable that the ultimate, and not very distant, destiny of the native is to be absorbed in the economic organization of Western civilization. But it does not follow that his position must be that of a wage laborer. In a country so vast in relation to its population as South Africa, land could be found on which he could develop independent agriculture if he were given sympathetic white supervision. The chief significance of the bill is, therefore, to be found in its discouragement of independent native agriculture at a time when other African governments are tending rather to encourage it. Even if it does not pass into law, it indicates the trend of dominant South African opinion.'

The Communist-Nationalist disorders in Java, which are the subject of an article elsewhere in this issue, have extended to Sumatra, where they have their focus in a mining district in the province of Padang. More than one hundred persons have been killed there, and several hundred have been arrested. According to dispatches in the radical European and British press, the mine workers, who are mostly imported from Java under penal contract, are treated with great brutality, flogging being the usual punishment for breaches of discipline.

China's national uprising against the foreigner promises to be more widespread and serious than *China in the Spot light*. The Boxer revolt a generation ago. Despite her internal dissensions, China is to-day stronger from a military standpoint, better organized for common action, and animated by more positive national ideals, than at the be-

ginning of the century. A united China, especially with a sympathizer like Moscow behind her, is virtually impregnable to armed attack by the Western Powers. To capture and hold Peking would mean nothing decisive to-day. Twenty-five years ago it meant everything. Moreover, China has learned to use new weapons — not only modern rifles, artillery, and airplanes, but the economic boycott, which is the most intimidating weapon of all to modern industrial nations. The Western Powers are not as well agreed regarding their policy toward China as they were at the earlier date, and the armed aid and military aggressiveness of the old German Empire no longer pushes them on. Last of all, 'imperialism' is out of fashion.

This does not mean that we may not have hostilities between the white man and the yellow man on the shores of the Yellow Sea — anything is possible in the present uncertainty. But Great Britain, after a long period of hesitation, has followed up her recent conciliatory diplomatic initiative with military preparations on an extensive scale. Our own Government appears to be proceeding less resolutely along the same line. In other words, the policy is to negotiate as long as possible, and to use force only as a last measure of defense. We assume that this means that the Treaty Ports upon the coast will be defended, if necessary, by ships of war and naval detachments. But effective armed intervention in the internal affairs of China such as occurred at the time of the Boxer outrage might require an army of half a million men, and no government or group of governments is likely to embark upon a campaign of these dimensions.

The fundamental difficulty in dealing with China is that she is not represented by a single government. At the moment she is divided into a Northern

and a Southern half, each acting independently of the other, with a problematical third government in her northwestern provinces. Rumor has it that General Feng Yu-hsiang, influenced by his recent visit to Moscow, and perhaps also by the favor the Western Powers have shown his opponent, Chang Tso-lin, has renounced Christianity and gone over soul as well as body to the Bolsheviks. We have only conjecture, however, to substantiate such reports. There are also rumors that Peking and Canton—or Wuhan, the collective name for the neighboring cities of Wuchang, Hankow, and Hanyang on the Yangtze, which have been proclaimed the new Kuomintang capital—are secretly negotiating with a view to common action against the foreigner. Chang Tso-lin has been in Peking, apparently to reassert his authority there. He has hesitated to move his army southward, partly because that would be a difficult operation in the heart of winter, and partly, perhaps, because he distrusts the loyalty of his own troops when subjected to the propaganda of the Nationalists. The rioting at Hankow, which resulted in the withdrawal of foreigners from that city, and indirectly in the evacuation of the greater part of the Yangtze valley by European missionaries and business men, was the logical outcome of the successful Cantonese campaign, which depends as much upon posters and propaganda as it does upon rifles and artillery. But there is some evidence that the more responsible men among the Nationalists are averse to pushing the agitation against the foreigner too far. That might bring about a cessation of trade with Europe, which would deprive China of important sources of revenue, of Western goods which have gradually become a necessity for her people and her armies, and of the expert aid of

Western engineers, physicians, and teachers. Yet it is by no means certain that the leaders can control their followers. At Changsha the students in the Christian colleges and missions, whom we should suppose to be more enlightened than Hankow coolies, are said to have taken equally abusive measures to get control of the institutions which are educating them. These institutions represent in the city of Changsha an investment of between six and seven million dollars, all contributed by Americans. The Yale-in-China Mission and Hospital alone accounts for one half that sum.

On the other hand, the *Canton Gazette*, which is the English-language organ of the Kuomintang, argues that foreigners as well as Chinese will benefit by the Nationalist revolution. General Tang Yen-tat, the political director of the Nationalist army, protests: 'It has been asserted that we are antiforeign. This is an untrue statement, and circulated chiefly by those interested in the continuance of the present feudal system. The Kuomintang and the Nationalist army have not at any time shown an attitude of antiforeignism, but there has been a certain foreign hostility toward us, and this has brought about a natural resentment.' It must be admitted that some justification for this resentment exists. For example, a few weeks ago twenty-seven members of the Kuomintang Party who were living in the British concession at Tientsin, which is traditionally recognized as a sanctuary for political refugees of all complexions, were arrested by the British authorities there and turned over to Chang Tso-lin, presumably to be shot.

Japanese sentiment toward China in the present crisis is somewhat ambiguous. Press opinion shows many shades, and the Government has been

noncommittal on the British memorandum. Tokyo is not inclined to recognize the Cantonese, directly or indirectly, out of consideration for Chang Tso-lin, its Manchurian coadjutor, and because the Cantonese are receiving aid from Moscow. Jacob Borodin, the chief Russian adviser of the Kuomintang Government, who was born in Latvia and whose real name is Michael Grusenberg, has been a Communist propagandist in Spain, Mexico, and the United States. Later he figured in the same rôle in Great Britain, where in August 1922 he was sentenced at Glasgow, under the name of George Brown, to six months' imprisonment. Nowadays a Bolshevik emissary's career is as cosmopolitan, and much more vicissitudinous and exciting, than that of the most peripatetic diplomat.

Uncle Sam seems doomed to figure as the villain in the international portrait gallery. After *Nicaragua-Mexico* being stigmatized as Shylock ever since the war, he is now berated as a bully on account of his attitude toward Nicaragua. Some foreign papers draw a deadly parallel between Mr. Hughes and Mr. Kellogg, who, they profess to believe, has undone much of the former's good work in Latin America. For a time every cable that reached Europe was expected to announce war between this country and Mexico. Naturally our foreign competitors for South American trade are jubilant, and do nothing to minimize these reports. The *Irish Statesman* accuses Washington of following in Nicaragua the Chinese military maxim, 'If you are strong enough you can disregard the rights of neutrals.' More temperately, the *Saturday Review* says: 'The revolt of Latin America against American dollar diplomacy has not yet been quelled, and mainly because the best

elements in the United States are strongly opposed to a policy which turns the Monroe Doctrine into the doctrine that might and money are right.' The *Outlook* imagines that American imperialists have 'been going a little too fast for general opinion in the United States,' but since it is convinced that 'the thrust forward of American imperialism is sure and steady,' it predicts that the republics to the southward are predestined to follow the course of Louisiana and Texas. 'Moralists may deplore this, but an impartial observer can only interpret facts as they are.' Consequently Europe is 'witnessing the prologue to an historical drama of first importance in the Western Hemisphere.' While the Continental press waxes sarcastic over our alleged gratuitous aggression upon weaker neighbors, in view of what it characterizes as our holier-than-thou attitude toward Europe, Spanish papers hesitate to condemn our action in Mexico, because Spanish Catholics resent that country's church laws and because numerous Spanish landowners in Mexico have suffered from the Government's revolutionary expropriations. Some German papers, notably *Vossische Zeitung*, extenuate our action in Nicaragua, and attribute the indignation it has aroused abroad to our State Department's blundering information service, which its correspondent characterizes as 'a rare mixture of nervousness and timidity with ill-timed bluster. It arouses at least a suspicion of hypocrisy.' *La Tribuna*, a Rome Fascist organ, publishes a leading article quoting by section and paragraph the provisions of the League Covenant which, it claims, obligate Geneva to defend Nicaragua. A Berlin publicist writing in *Prager Tagblatt* says: 'It is regrettable that the League, of which Nicaragua is a member, is in this

instance compelled by the force of political facts to keep its hands off. To be sure, in accordance with recognized principles of international law, the League never intervenes in civil wars. But the United States would hardly have landed marines, and Mexico would hardly have given armed support to the belligerents, if a squadron representing the League of Nations — say, a few Scandinavian warships — had occupied the imperiled points in Nicaragua and guaranteed order there.'

Among the many grievances which aggravate the hostility of Latin Americans, and especially Mexicans, to the United States are the alleged 'libelous

films' which American producers ship all over the world, representing the 'greaser' as a brigand and generally as a coward or a scoundrel. Although a gentleman of Buenos Aires or Rio would resent being identified with a 'greaser,' he nevertheless is conscious of cousinship with all Latin Americans. Gabriela Mistral, the Chilean poetess, whose voice carries far south of the Rio Grande, is up in arms against these gratuitous insults to her race. Meanwhile Europeans profit by our tactlessness. For instance, French producers and distributors are said to have agreed that no films offending in this respect shall issue from their studios.

ITALY'S BACHELOR TAX



BACHELOR. 'Anyhow, it's worth it!'

— *Il Travaso*, Rome

PEACE PRIZERS



BRIAND, CHAMBERLAIN

STRESEMANN, DAWES

— *Le Matin*, Paris

## WHY I'M AN IMPENITENT OPTIMIST<sup>1</sup>

BY M. ARISTIDE BRIAND  
FOREIGN MINISTER OF FRANCE

*Reported by Jules Sauerwein*

YESTERDAY I went to wish M. Aristide Briand a happy New Year. I found him in his office at Quai d'Orsay, where I have often talked with him during and since the war. It was a good opportunity to ask him what he thought of the past year and of the new year just beginning. I did not expect to find him 'in the dumps,' for I had often observed his sang-froid and serenity, in that same room, when he was governing France during the most tragic days of her history. In fact, he answered my questions with great good humor, and — making a rare exception of the occasion — consented to let me print the substance of our conversation.

'YES, at the risk of being considered an impenitent, I believe it has been a good year. Taking it all in all, and making due allowance for the disquieting as well as the hopeful factors in the situation, I cannot condemn a year that saw the Locarno accords go into effect, our eastern frontier consolidated, and England guarantee our security — in other words, a year that has given us the essential things we sought in the Treaty of Versailles. From the point of view of peace, that is not a bad achievement. I know, of course, that gloomy souls exist who are not happy except when they are prophesying evil, who see the world colored by their own dark pessi-

mism, and try to make it look equally black to others. They resemble those fish that spurt out a cloud of ink in the water when alarmed. At the risk of exposing myself to their sarcastic thrusts, with which I have been assailed many times before this, I say confidently that the year 1926 has so strengthened the peace spirit in Europe that, although troublesome causes of friction may arise here and there, the risk of war has been greatly diminished.

'Germany is now a member of the League of Nations. She has publicly and voluntarily recognized her frontiers as delimited by the treaties. She has promised never to modify them by force. A system of judicial procedure based upon treaties of conciliation and arbitration has been substituted for the old system of alliances aimed at particular nations, which inevitably resulted sooner or later in violence. This is the principal reason why I am full of hope. One of the most valuable features of the accords which we have signed is that we have made them in full agreement with our allies and friends the Poles, the Czechoslovaks, the Rumanians, and the Yugoslavs. Consequently, these agreements, instead of weakening the ties that bind those nations to us, have strengthened them. Their people are grateful to us for having consulted with their Governments throughout these negotiations and for having kept con-

<sup>1</sup> From *Le Matin* (Paris boulevard daily), January 3

stantly in mind their own legitimate interests.'

'Has n't the arbitration treaty just signed between Germany and Italy caused you concern?'

'That treaty,' declared M. Briand emphatically, 'I do not consider bad in any way — quite the contrary. It had been under negotiation ever since we signed the Locarno accords, to which Italy was a party. It is absolutely the same in substance as the other treaties of arbitration and conciliation which Germany and all the signatories of the Locarno agreements have made. Italy was perfectly logical in signing such a treaty with Germany. It is drafted in irreproachable terms. It conforms perfectly with the universal peace ideal which the League represents and, so to speak, guarantees.'

'Have n't the incidents between France and Italy that have occurred on two occasions left a certain tension behind them?'

'I have always been, and I am to-day, a sincere friend of Italy. Those incidents arose out of temporary misunderstandings. Never for a moment have I fallen into the error of considering them dramatic, and I have always felt certain that such passing clouds would vanish. Above all, I have never imagined that they would end in tragic adventures. Such an outcome would be unthinkable between Italy and France. Our two countries are compelled by imperative necessity to get along amicably together, and I have no doubt that they will very soon be on the best of footings with each other. You can see for yourself that the tension to which you refer is already disappearing, and, so far as depends on me, you may rest assured that I shall leave no stone unturned to remove it entirely.'

'Are you satisfied with the way our relations with Russia are developing?'

'Those relations are as good as they can be under present conditions. It depends entirely on the Russian Government to make them even better, by showing an honest intention to act in accordance with the accepted canons of international justice. We have no reason to despair of her doing so, and in my opinion the sooner this happens the better for all concerned.'

'Are you not concerned over the situation in China?'

'We are indeed faced by a grave and serious problem there. France is consistently and firmly in favor of dealing with China in the spirit of the Washington accord. We have no wish to oppose in any way whatever an emancipation movement that will help her people to become absolutely independent. During her present civil dissensions we are legitimately concerned to defend our recognized interests there, but we scrupulously avoid anything that savors of intervention in her domestic affairs. We refrain from any action that might seem to favor one party or another in China, or to encourage a secessionist movement among her people. We shall do nothing to impair China's unity. I am sure that in pursuing this policy we shall find ourselves in full accord with the Powers that signed the Washington treaties. A time will come when a central government truly representative of the Chinese nation and capable of defending China's territorial integrity will emerge from the present confusion.'

'I am convinced that it will be easy for the other Powers to reach an agreement with that great country. One might conceive other policies apparently more decisive — that is to say, producing quicker results. I believe for my own part, however, that a policy of watchful waiting such as France is following, which calls for quite as much vigilance as self-control, will prove

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more fruitful in the end. In any case, without sacrificing our interests, it preserves the moral prestige which France enjoys throughout China and which has enabled us to retain the confidence of the Chinese people throughout the grave crisis of these last two years.

'In résumé: although certain danger signs may exist, which deserve to be noted with minute attention, I believe that peace is striking deeper and deeper roots in the public opinion of every nation. Notwithstanding all efforts to

confuse the popular mind, the people of France are resolved to have peace. That does not mean that they are blind pacifists, ready to abandon precautions which no great country can afford to neglect. But after all, the only way to reach an objective as great as this one is to march steadily toward it. That is the guiding principle of the policy of peace that I shall continue to follow, with all my strength and will, as long as I am responsible for guiding France's relations with other countries.'

## THE NEW MONROEISM<sup>1</sup>

### BRITISH AND MEXICAN OPINION

#### I. A 'NEW STATESMAN' REVIEW

THE Monroe Doctrine, as an instrument or method of American policy, is being practically transformed by the Coolidge Administration. This would seem to be the essential fact about the relations between the United States and the Central American republics, which at the moment are being illuminated by events in Nicaragua. In the middle of December the conflict between the two rival Presidents of that republic reached a critical stage. There was a four days' battle, in which the troops of President Díaz were routed by those of the Liberal Dr. Sacasa. The latter were moving rapidly toward the capital, and what looked like a certain capture of the Government, when the American Admiral Latimer

landed a force of marines, checked the march of the victors, and saved the Díaz régime. There followed a severe denunciation in the American press of the Admiral's action and the State Department's policy, and, anticipating a hostile demonstration in the Senate, President Coolidge hinted at the withdrawal of the marines from the Nicaraguan coast. This affair is not only important in itself; it throws into relief the present policy of the United States toward Latin America, and may well make that policy the dominant political issue in the United States during the remainder of the present presidential term.

Of the six Central American republics, all now well within the orbit of Washington, Nicaragua is the most important for the United States. It is a small country, almost exactly the size of England. It is a valuable field for American investment, possesses envi-

<sup>1</sup> From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), January 8, and *El Universal* (Mexican Independent daily), January 13

able harbors and facilities for naval bases, and affords the predestined route for a second isthmian canal with greater possibilities than Panama. Twenty years ago, when Roosevelt was President, and Senator Lodge leading the imperialist party in Congress, the United States entered definitely upon that course of action which has led to the establishment of a chain of economic protectorates in Central America. The governing idea of the policy is that weak neighboring nations in which there are important American interests must expect to have their internal affairs, and especially their financial systems, supervised and directed from Washington.

In Nicaragua the policy of the State Department has been centred in the plans for a naval base at Fonseca Bay and agreements pointing toward the ownership of the Nicaragua Canal, the cutting of which was provided for in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850. The proposed canal route was objected to by the neighboring republics, and this question was a main root of the revolutionary uprising of 1907 in Nicaragua, which, suppressed by the use of American power, resulted in the political emergence of Adolfo Díaz, the submissive agent of the State Department, from 1909 onward, confessedly upheld by American military aid. Nicaragua was brought under direct financial control, by Washington and Wall Street, through a policy of loans, inaugurated in 1910 and secured through the national railways and the National Bank. American marines were left in occupation and were not removed for more than ten years, Nicaraguan resistance to the loans being steadily worn down. President Taft was a strong supporter of the forward policy, which, notwithstanding certain misgivings, was vigorously continued under Woodrow Wilson. In

1916, the year of Wilson's reëlection, the United States secured, by the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty, the right to build the Nicaragua Canal, together with the lease of certain islands needed in connection with the naval base. This treaty aroused the hostility of Honduras and Salvador, both of which republics are more concerned than Nicaragua in the Gulf of Fonseca. They saw in the Bryan-Chamorro pact an even greater menace to Central American independence than the financial control already imposed upon the region.

The stages in the recent trouble are marked by rapid changes of government in Nicaragua and by the advent of Mexico as a decisive factor. In 1925 the American marines were withdrawn, but the Nicaraguan Government forces were placed under the command of American officers. At the beginning of 1926 Chamorro was President. He banished Sacasa, the Liberal leader of revolts, who has had the assistance of volunteer forces sent over from Mexico. President Calles repudiates all responsibility for these expeditions, but the Mexican authorities make no secret of the fact that their immediate aim is the establishment in Nicaragua of a Liberal régime under Dr. Sacasa. Adolfo Díaz, in the meantime, is made President by force of American arms, receives diplomatic recognition from Washington, and repeatedly announces that he cannot maintain his position without American military aid. Sacasa, who is Vice-President by election, is proclaimed President at Puerto Cabezas, on the Caribbean coast, is recognized by the Mexican Government, and, as we have seen, would to-day be President *de facto* but for the drastic action a fortnight ago of Admiral Latimer, now virtually repudiated by President Coolidge, on whose behalf the statement was emphatically made, imme-

dately before the Senate reassembled, that the United States does not take sides in the internal disputes of the Latin American republics.

As a matter of fact, the United States takes sides in the most open fashion. That is to say, it takes quick and emphatic action whenever American interests are deemed to be in jeopardy; while, ever since President Wilson's refusal to acknowledge Huerta in Mexico fourteen years ago, the State Department has pursued the policy of refusing diplomatic recognition to any government in Central and South America which has come into being by means of military violence. This policy, enunciated by Wilson, was formally confirmed by his successor in 1923. It is designed, of course, for the protection of the immense and widely distributed interests of the United States in Latin America, but it is obviously self-contradictory. Violence is the traditional, the accepted, the almost inevitable, method of governmental change on the American continent south of the Rio Grande; and, as Senator Borah and other American public men are accustomed to point out, there is seldom a revolution in Latin America which, when scrutinized, may not yield evidence of disturbing influences operating from either Washington or New York.

The general situation between the United States and Latin America is of the greatest interest and importance, and it is a situation of immense complexity. It must be obvious that the Calles Government of Mexico has during the past year been making the pace with remarkable energy. The enforcement, as from January 1, 1927, of the new Land and Mine laws brings to a head the movement of national policy started by the Mexican Constitution of 1917, and it is recognized that the systematic assault upon the property and

privileges of the Catholic Church in Mexico has brought into direct operation many influences which are being formidably exploited for the overthrow of President Calles, and the defeat of his policy.

War with Mexico, however, is no part of the Coolidge policy. Mr. Coolidge is cautious and pacific, and he is fully aware that the majority opinion in the United States is set against any form of aggressive policy in Central America. If his experience during the past two or three years in regard to Mexico were not sufficient to convince him, he could not mistake the meaning of the attacks upon the State Department that have been heard on all sides since the operations of Admiral Latimer in Nicaragua.

There is, manifestly, no political partisanship in those attacks. Republican senators and Republican newspapers are among the strongest opponents of the State Department under Mr. Kellogg, and it is noticeable that influential journals on the Administrative side, no less than those of the Opposition, have expressed resentment against the Secretary of State on account of his acceptance of the ridiculous notion that the danger in Central America is 'a Mexican-controlled Bolshevik hegemony' between the southern frontier of the United States and the Panama Canal. Bolshevik Mexico is a myth, and so the sensible American press has recognized. But nationalist Mexico, with its increasing labor influence, is an important Power; and they are clearly not mistaken who see evidence supporting the view that Mexican public opinion is becoming increasingly conscious of the possibility that a position of acknowledged leadership, in Central America if not in all Latin America, is a not unreasonable destiny for Mexican statesmanship to envisage.

All such ambitions, obviously, depend largely upon the success or otherwise of the challenging economic and social policies to which President Calles's Government is committed; while, on the other hand, it must be recognized that in the present relations of the United States with the other republics, from Argentina in the south to Mexico in the north, there is more than enough to disturb the minds of the many millions of Americans who have held to the Pan American idea, with the United States as the undisputed leader of an All-American league of friendly nations.

There is, moreover, one most important aspect of this general question of which European opinion, especially British opinion, has hardly begun to be aware. The United States has been, for a quarter of a century, a rapidly growing imperial Power. It dominates the Caribbean Sea, and, as the recent treaty with Panama indicates, the expansion of its diplomatic authority over the Isthmus must complete the scheme of economic protectorates. An unfriendly course of action, in Nicaragua or elsewhere, or an unfortunate tone adopted by the State Department, may involve an occasional setback; but it is impossible to resist or to misunderstand the immense and continuous southward movement of the United States. The signs are not only visible in the great area between Mexico and the Canal; they are visible, and very impressive, in the United States itself. Within the past ten years there has been a great release of economic and social forces among the American people. The barrier between North and South has been broken through. The Southern states are being rapidly industrialized; great industries are being extended southward, or being transferred south of the line. Multitudes of Americans, helped by material pros-

perity, are awaking to the knowledge that the United States contains vast tracts of undeveloped country, tempting alike for industry and for recreation, and enjoying advantages of climate hitherto unknown to the dwellers in the Northern states. In less than twenty years the old discrepancy between North and South, as stated in terms of industry and of population, will be rectified, and the Southern states will be prepared to challenge the North in wealth and political power. Nor will it do to imagine that the southward thrust beyond the frontier can be arrested. The power of the United States over the lesser republics of Central America will inevitably be deepened and consolidated, and the externals of their development will take the stamp of the great neighbor to the north. The practical problem for the Washington Government, accordingly, is, first, a problem of the Monroe Doctrine in relation to the lesser American republics. And, secondly, it is a matter of diplomatic manners. During the past ten years, under the successive Secretaries of State from Bryan to Kellogg, the State Department has undoubtedly created or intensified its difficulties in Central America.

## II. A MEXICAN DENUNCIATION

**INDISPUTABLY**, the principal reason why the people of Spanish America and the Government of the United States cannot understand each other, when they have a controversy, is that they speak different languages. We discourse about morality and legality, while the White House will talk only about business. We grow hoarse appealing to justice, ethics, rights, and precedents, and the only answer we receive is a dry recital of North America's interests, backed by allusions to her power and her determination to enforce her rights.

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official ideology of Washington and that of Mexico, for example, that we shall never be able to make the officials on the Potomac understand that anything in the world transcends the material interests of their countrymen; and those officials will never be able to make Spanish Americans understand why such interests invariably conflict with the rights of weaker nations and violate their sovereignty.

Whenever a Spanish American nation sets out to manage its own affairs, in the exercise of the paramount authority over them that every independent government possesses, the White House discovers that this threatens North American interests and in the name of those interests arrogates the right to intervene in our domestic concerns. When we protest against this, its only answer is that it must protect its citizens and their property; and it assumes to decide of its own authority when, where, and to what extent it will exercise that protection, without taking into consideration local conditions or public opinion in the countries whose rights it overrides.

Thus North America has gradually developed an international law of its own,—if it is pardonable to employ that term in such a connection,—conceived for its exclusive benefit, and designed solely to promote the interests of its citizens. According to that law, those interests are sacred; to assail them is a sacrilege. If a government violates that self-enacted code, or fails to show it due respect, the great steam roller of the Yankees rolls over the offender, crushing beneath its giant weight the recognized law of nations, the sovereignty of weaker nations, and the equality of men.

This difference between the ideals of the two races has been strikingly illustrated by the present crisis. Mexico has enacted laws, which it judges de-

sirable for the public welfare, in the exercise of the legislative rights possessed by every free country. That right is guaranteed by the very conception of national sovereignty. No other government can legitimately question or limit that right. Washington, however, does not accept this doctrine. It advances its own thesis of the inviolable sanctity of North American interests, which it claims justifies its intervention in our domestic affairs and the ultimate use of force against us.

On the one side is an inalienable right based on respect for justice in international relations; on the other side are the intangible business operations of North American citizens, which blind the eyes of their officials to the appeals of justice, and even to the demands of ordinary decorum in the intercourse between governments. An irreconcilable conflict exists, therefore, between these two points of view and rules of action. This is even more emphatically true when justice as we conceive it runs parallel with the interests of our country—with interests which the White House would consider sacred if they pertained to its own citizens.

We must reduce Washington's official language to its simplest terms, stripping it of certain ambiguous adornments, in order that honest and well-meaning Americans, those who still honor the principles of Washington and Lincoln, may understand its true meaning the way we Spanish Americans are compelled by our situation to understand it.

We cannot permit our right to enact the laws we consider desirable for our country to be questioned by a foreign government. We declare that the White House does not possess the right it arrogates to itself to discuss such laws. To the interests of certain North American corporations we oppose the economic, moral, and human interests

of the people of Mexico, which, after all, are supreme in our own country. Whatever the representatives of the United States may say, they cannot conceal the purely selfish purpose of the pressure which they have exercised upon our country, not in defense of, but in the service of, a group of exploiters who have invested money in Mexico.

So far as Nicaragua is concerned, President Sacasa's title as the constitutionally chosen Chief Magistrate of the Republic is as indisputable as is the right of the people of Nicaragua to have the government they want, and as is our right to think and to act with respect to Nicaragua with the same liberty with which the Department of State at Washington thinks and acts. In this case also the vital interests of a free country are at stake; they far outweigh the few million dollars of Yankee capital invested in her territories.

In a word, President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg will have to abandon, once for all, their pretense that there is even shadow of justice and right behind their aggressive policy toward Spanish America. No one, even in the United States, or Wall Street itself, honestly believes that anyone is going to attack gratuitously North American interests, backed as they are by the greatest economic and military Power on the globe, and by a Power that does not stop to ask whether those interests are legitimate or not before rushing to their aid.

The pretext of defense raised whenever an aggression is committed against a Spanish-American country deceives no one; it would be better to abandon it entirely. Why not honestly appeal to the god of force at the outset? Even brute force, although employed without justification and legality, can debase itself still further morally by undignified hypocrisy.

## COMMUNISTS IN JAVA<sup>1</sup>

BY A BATAVIA CORRESPONDENT

[SINCE this article was written, still more serious disturbances have occurred in Eastern Sumatra, directly across the narrow Sunda Strait from the province here described.]

LESS than sixty miles west of Batavia is Serang, the capital of the Residency of Bantam. It is an old, straggling, pretty, and quiet little tropical town. White houses with broad verandahs and

cool corridors, such as Europeans have been building in the Far East for a hundred years or more, drowse under its waving palms. Serang dreams a Sleeping Beauty dream of its ancient glory — and all Bantam does the same.

Three hundred years ago this province was the mightiest sultanate of Java, and Portuguese, English, and Hollanders fought each other for its friendship. From its harbors ships sailed with rich ladings of spices and other East Indian products to all parts

<sup>1</sup> From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin big-industry daily), December 29

of the Western world. It is already three centuries since the Dutch admiral and merchant prince, Jan Pieters Zoon Even, angered at the Sultan's constant intriguing and double-dealing, withdrew from Bantam and founded, sixty miles farther east, on the shores of the Strait of Sunda, Batavia, the Netherlands' stronghold of trade in the Far East, from which she subsequently extended her sway over all the adjoining islands.

Bantam declined as rapidly as Batavia rose. Trade deserted it, and its wealth vanished to the four winds. Nevertheless, for two centuries it continued to be a bitter enemy of Batavia and the Dutch, and wasted its blood and treasure in futile attacks upon its powerful neighbor. At length, about one hundred years ago, the last descendant of the defiant sultans' race was finally dethroned and Bantam was converted into a Netherlands residency.

Its new masters brought peace to the land, but did not restore its ancient riches. Mutual distrust prevented many well-meaning measures from being successful, and caused things to be left undone that might have promoted the progress of the province. As a result, Bantam lagged behind the rest of Java. Its impoverished and heavily taxed people, therefore, have always lent a willing ear to Mecca's intriguing emissaries, with their message of hostility to the white man. Fanatical hadjis, Arab traders, and returning Javanese pilgrims from the City of Mohammed, have kept alive these glowing coals of hatred with insidious tales of the oppressor and pious texts from the Koran.

Although the gentlest nation in the world, the Javanese in this neglected earthly paradise have listened to these evil insinuations until they have become fanatical enemies of the whites.

This hatred has been handed down from father to son, and probably will be bequeathed to generations yet to come. So burning is this passion of enmity that the fearful eruption of Krakatoa, the volcano close to the Bantam coast, which suddenly burst forth forty years ago and covered the area of a kingdom with fire and ashes, might seem to be its fitting symbol. In that catastrophe thousands upon thousands of natives lost their lives. Great areas of fertile country were converted into a desert. Countless villages and homes were destroyed during the accompanying earthquakes. But only a few weeks had elapsed before intriguing hadjis were distributing among the people so-called 'messages from Mecca,' in which the faithful were informed that the frightful calamity had fallen upon their country as punishment for permitting the foot of the unbeliever to desecrate their soil, as retribution for obeying the Hollander and paying him taxes. The simple people believed what they were told by their 'holy men,' and one unhappy day they rose in rebellion. They seized Tjilegon, six miles west of Serang, and slaughtered with the utmost savagery all the Europeans, and native officials, constables, and servants of the white men there,—in a word, all who had served the unbelievers,—together with their wives and children.

Naturally the Dutch and their soldiers from Batavia made short work of this revolt, but the little town of Tjilegon has ever since borne a bad name in the colony. Since that time, however, modern highways have been built in Bantam and other measures taken to render the province more accessible and to prevent a recurrence of such incidents. The Government has also paid increased attention to the needs of the people. They now have schools and hospitals as well as new roads and railways. One of the largest

irrigation systems in Java has been built in this province, and now supplies water to many thousands of acres of rice fields. Competent and reliable Javanese of noble birth have been appointed regents — men learned in Mohammedan theology, and exemplary followers of the Prophet. In this way the enmity of the hadjis has been mitigated, but it has not been converted into friendship for the Hollanders.

Notwithstanding this policy of conciliation, in the bottom of their hearts the people of Bantam still hate the whites. A person who has resided long among the natives there soon notices how reluctantly the people obey the orders of the Government. In this they are very different from the people in other parts of the Netherlands Indies. To be sure, they never openly resist commands from on high, but they sabotage them, and they go out of their way to avoid showing the respect for their officials that is usual elsewhere in Java.

Originally the Communist emissaries who for several years have been flocking to Java from Russia and China concentrated their propaganda in the densely settled and more highly developed districts in the centre of the Island. For a time they paid no attention to Bantam, considering it a backward and primitive province. Less than two years ago, however, Bolshevik agents appeared there and began secret agitation among the villagers. They promised them that if they would join the Reds their taxes should be remitted — a doctrine that soon won them thousands of followers among the simple natives. Then they proceeded with their plan for an armed uprising against the whites. This revolt was not to be confined to Bantam, of course, but was to break out simultaneously all over the Netherlands Indies. The popular mind in Bantam, however, was more respon-

sive to such agitation than elsewhere, and it was there that the first blow was struck. A plot was concocted to capture Serang, its capital; but the police were on the alert, and defeated it.

Since then there has been no peace in the country. New outrages are reported daily. They are the more troublesome because they occur almost under the shadow of Batavia, which, being a city of considerable size, harbors an unruly element of its own. Bantam has the area of a good-sized European principality, and is under a Netherlands resident at Serang, who is aided by three Javanese regents. The regency of North Bantam, which extends along the coast of the Sunda Strait, is the most densely populated. In places it consists of broken and mountainous country which at points reaches close to the sea. Most of the coastal region, however, is low-lying, irrigated rice land, extending as far as the eye can reach. These rice fields are interspersed with clusters of palms and fruit trees, beneath which nestle little villages, each with its mosque and with a house somewhat larger than ordinary occupied by the local hadji. The latter is an Arab, or a Javanese who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and besides his reputation for holiness is generally a shrewd business man. He is the real-estate dealer, the rice and cattle merchant, and the money-lender of the village, and likewise its uncrowned king. Most of the Javanese build their houses of wood and bamboo, with palm-leaf-matting walls, but in Bantam it is not unusual to construct them of sun-dried brick. The latter practice goes back to the early fighting between the Bantamese and the Europeans, when a Dutch noncommissioned officer, who had formerly been a bricklayer, deserted to the Sultan's side. He was shown great honors by his new master, and not only erected several buildings

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for the Sultan, — which are still well-preserved, — but taught bricklaying to the natives, and thus established a new trade and a new tradition in the country.

South Bantam has prospered greatly during the past few years through the extension of rubber, tea, and coffee planting in that district. Consequently there are many applications for land grants. It is here, perhaps, that the more serious disorders are to be feared, unless fairly strong forces are stationed in the country.

No one imagines that the insurgents will win important successes, for the Government has a well-disciplined and loyal army behind it. This army does not consist of Dutch garrisons or a foreign legion, for the Netherlands Indies have their own military establishment, with all branches of the service, includ-

ing engineers and a general staff. The privates are natives from the different islands of the archipelago, and many of the noncommissioned officers are also native veterans. The remainder are Europeans, as are all the commissioned officers with a few exceptions. Nearly all the white members of the establishment are Hollander, although occasionally one finds among them a man of some other nationality — usually a German. Essentially, however, this army is a native force, although the troops stationed in any particular district are usually recruits from a different part of the archipelago. They live in barracks with their wives and children, and as they have little contact with the local population they have so far been found trustworthy in dealing with the present disturbances.

## PAN AMERICANISM<sup>1</sup>

BY DOCTOR WAHRHOLD DRASCHER

[SPACE considerations have compelled us to summarize several of the historical sections of this article. All European accounts of Pan Americanism, even the most scholarly and objective, are apt to be colored by crypto-commercial jealousy, and, in the case of Germany, by the memory of defeated political ambitions in South America; but they are none the less informing evidence of the world's opinion of our country.]

PAN AMERICANISM is a term that every educated person thinks he understands.

<sup>1</sup> From *Preussische Jahrbücher* (Berlin Conservative-Nationalist historical monthly), December

Let two or three people begin to discuss it, however, and each one has a different opinion as to its meaning. We often hear Germans define it after this fashion: 'Pan Americanism designates the effort of the North Americans to monopolize the Western Hemisphere, and under a camouflage of generous and disinterested professions to treat it as European nations treat a colony. It is the device which a powerful government uses to subjugate its weaker neighbors.'

Ask a North American what it means, and he will answer somewhat in this way: 'The world has reached a stage of development where it must

utilize fully the resources of its hitherto neglected territories. Only a powerful and wealthy nation can supply the initiative and the capital for such a task. Recognizing this, we are trying to tighten the bonds between North and South America which Nature herself created. We are performing a good service in preventing wars and revolutions among our neighbors, so far as we are able, so that peaceful economic progress may proceed undisturbed. If we get an honest profit from so doing, we are fairly entitled to it.'

Pan America was originally a geographical concept, out of which has developed a political doctrine. This doctrine already has more than a century of history behind it, and has undergone the changes that inevitably befall such policies with the lapse of time. Passing over the sympathy with which the recently emancipated English colonists regarded the Spanish colonies' struggle for independence, the natural alarm that they continued to entertain after that independence was won lest the young republics become economic fiefs of the Great European Powers, the gradual growth of a feeling of superiority over these turbulent young governments with their constant revolutions and economic backwardness, and the attitude of patronage which this sentiment produced, we find the United States slowly but steadily extending its influence over Latin America. This began with a protracted diplomatic struggle, first with England and later with France, in the Caribbean countries, which filled the middle decades of the nineteenth century. Its first phase ended with Great Britain's definite discomfiture and the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850. France was put out of the running in 1865, when she was forced to withdraw from her Maximilian adventure in Mexico.

During this rivalry for the mastery of the Caribbean the United States developed a definite technique of conquest. Its emissaries of dominion were not the accredited representatives of the Government, but the pioneers of private enterprise. Important business interests established themselves in the Central American countries, and took advantage of their incessant dissensions to play politics for Washington. They supplied money and arms to revolutionists, and during the 1850's several military expeditions set out from the United States to conquer Central America and later to liberate Cuba. These had the tacit permission of their Government so long as their projects fell in with the Pan American idea. On the other hand, however, these forays aroused the distrust and hostility of the Latin Americans, who already resented bitterly the Yankees' seizure of Texas and Northern Mexico.

As a consequence of this distrust, Washington, despite energetic diplomatic efforts, was not appointed arbiter in any important South American controversy during the nineteenth century. It was unable to intervene either in the war which Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay jointly waged against Paraguay between 1865 and 1872, or in the saltpetre war which Peru and Bolivia fought against Chile between 1879 and 1883, although it endeavored to do so and constantly kept its warships on the scene 'for purposes of observation.' Profound racial and cultural differences reënforced this feeling of political tension. The Latin American has an instinctive aversion for the man of the North.

Nevertheless, hard facts were fighting on the side of the Yankee conception of Pan America. They began to have a perceptible influence as early as the eighties of the last century. Up to that time their own territories had been

big enough to absorb all the energies of the North Americans. With the disappearance of the frontier, however, a new condition arose, and the Yankees began to look about for new worlds to conquer. The first objects that caught their eye were Cuba and Santo Domingo. These promised fortunes in sugar and coffee, articles which the continental United States did not produce. Secretary Blaine had a clear vision of the new era that was dawning. He saw that new ties must be established with Latin America, and that they must begin with closer intellectual and political intercourse. So in 1889 he convened the first Pan American Congress at Washington. Most of the South American republics were represented, and, although little was accomplished at the moment, the following year witnessed the founding of the Pan American Union.

Next came the long, devious manœuvres that preceded the completion of the Panama Canal. Cautiously but inflexibly the Washington statesmen pursued their purpose of eventually controlling a waterway which President Hayes, as early as 1880, had declared must be 'part of the coast line of the United States.' It was recognized that some consideration must be shown to the feelings of the Iberian Americans, and wherever possible the Government acted through the regularly elected officials of the Isthmian republics, who were induced to shape the history of their countries in conformity with the purposes of their powerful neighbor. When this policy failed, warships and marines took a hand. Simultaneously great American investors, who were constantly pressing their Government to extend its political sphere of influence, began to interest themselves in this region. Great corporations bought or leased vast tracts of land, which they

cultivated and administered much as did the great chartered companies to which Great Britain owes so many of her tropical possessions. These gigantic enterprises eventually become stronger than the Governments under whose jurisdiction they operate. They employ vast numbers of men who look to them for their daily bread. They establish schools, police, and a model health-service throughout their vast domains, and bind the people to them by a thousand subtle ties.

Congresses may sit and presidents may succeed presidents in those little republics — all runs smoothly as long as the political authorities work hand in hand with their financial masters. Since these small republics depend on their northern neighbor for a market for most of their products, their economic existence, their private incomes, and their public revenues depend on her good graces.

On the whole, one must admit that the Yankees have accomplished miracles in the West Indies and Central America. They have given regions where little incentive to agricultural development and economic progress previously existed assured markets and the technique of a modern industry. They have converted districts formerly ravaged by disease into healthy places of residence even for the white man. No one who has passed through the Panama Canal and has seen the magnificent engineering works and modern towns that border it can fail to be impressed. Here peace, prosperity, and security abide.

Anglo-Saxondom made a great surge southward in 1898, after her war with Spain. Roosevelt was an ardent champion of Pan Americanism. With Spain's loss of Porto Rico, Europe was virtually ejected from the Caribbean, and the peace that followed made the West Indies either colonies or vassals of

the United States. Since then the Danish Islands have been acquired, and persistent rumors are current that Washington's European debtors will eventually surrender their few remaining possessions in these waters to compound their obligations to their creditor. With the completion of the Panama Canal, in 1915, the Yankees became virtually masters of Central America; while Mexico is irretrievably drawn into the orbit of her northern neighbor by multiplying financial ties.

As soon as the United States was solidly established in the West Indies, it directed its attention to South America. When, after many difficulties and protracted negotiations, the second Pan American Congress was finally held in Mexico City, in 1902, questions of international law occupied the attention of the delegates. Washington very prudently encouraged this, in order to lull the growing distrust of the Latin Americans. Plans for arbitrating international disputes were considered. Since chronic friction existed between several South American countries over boundary controversies, these seemed to afford an excellent opportunity for extending Washington's influence. But the debates never got beyond courteous discussions of theories.

At that time the economic situation of the South American republics and their relations to Europe were very different from those of Central America. They were nearer London than New York. There was little direct communication between them and the United States, for North America possessed no merchant marine; and Europe — particularly Germany and England — was the principal market for South American products. London supplied capital for the development of these young countries; Germany and Italy furnished most of their immigrants; and Paris and Madrid were

their cultural capitals. England was by far the predominant Power, and ever since Spanish America became independent had regarded that part of the world as part of her peculiar economic domain. This was especially true of Chile and Argentina. Her first loan to Chile dated back to 1828. Argentine railways, the Chile nitrate fields, and the Bolivian tin mines had been developed largely by British enterprise and with British capital. England's banks dominated the financial situation; credits were in her hands. But the mainstay of her economic suzerainty lay in her control of steamship lines and railways. Almost every important railroad constructed in South America during the latter half of the nineteenth century was built and owned by the British. Consequently South America felt that she could always appeal to London as a counterpoise to Washington. Even as late as the turn of the century the British won a great diplomatic victory when their sovereign was made arbiter of the important boundary controversy between Chile and Argentina in spite of America's efforts to secure that honor.

America's opportunity came, however, with the Venezuela conflict in 1901-1903. President Castro had taken such high-handed measures against foreigners that British and German warships were sent to blockade his ports. Even earlier, in the eighties, England had had a sharp controversy with Venezuela over the boundary between that republic and British Guiana, whereupon Washington adopted such an aggressive attitude that she reluctantly yielded. Naturally, therefore, Castro appealed to the Monroe Doctrine and the protection of the United States. Popular resentment against the blockade was manifested throughout the two Americas, and a general demand was made that Euro-

pean warships should not be used to collect debts or exact reprisals in the Western Hemisphere. England, true to the policy which she has pursued ever since 1812 of not going to extremes with America, again yielded, and the dispute was referred to the Court of Arbitration at The Hague.

This episode had interesting repercussions, as was manifest at the third Pan American Congress, which met in 1903 at Rio de Janeiro. In December of the previous year Drago, the Argentine Foreign Minister, sent a communication to Washington advocating that the Monroe Doctrine be amended by the so-called Drago Doctrine, which was, in effect, that it should not be permissible to employ military and naval forces to collect debts incurred by an American republic. This was a shrewd diplomatic move, aimed at the Yankees as well as the Europeans, for Washington had repeatedly dispatched warships to Central American ports 'to exert moral pressure.' Therefore Secretary Hay rejected the suggestion.

Meanwhile the strengthening of North American hegemony over the Caribbean, and the Venezuela incident, induced the three largest Powers in South America — Argentina, Brazil, and Chile — to reach an agreement about 1902, which is commonly referred to as the A. B. C. accord. This was not a military alliance, but a loose understanding between these Governments to act together in important matters. Argentina took the initiative, unquestionably at the instigation of Great Britain. Unfortunately, the general public in these countries showed no special liking for the idea, and as a consequence the accord remained rather academic. One reason for that is the aversion which the Spaniards of Argentina and the Portuguese of Brazil have entertained for each other for generations — an en-

mity kept alive by boundary controversies between the two countries. Since the saltpetre war of 1879–1883, moreover, the hostility between Chile on the one hand and Bolivia and Peru on the other had induced Chile to cultivate the friendship of Brazil, while her boundary disputes with Argentina stood in the way of real friendship with her eastern neighbor. The 'Christ of the Andes' is a beautiful conception, but it does not mean much as a symbol of popular sentiment.

Washington's repeated rebuffs in South America taught its statesmen political discretion. At the fourth Pan American Congress, which met at Buenos Aires in 1910, political themes were handled with velvet gloves. The only measure seriously pushed was arbitration, in which the Pan American Union, which ran the Congress, was particularly interested, since such proceedings showed its usefulness and magnified its influence. No agreement was reached as to a federation of Central America, although this topic had been the subject of lively debate during the previous year. In a word, big questions were relegated to the background, and subjects of secondary importance, such as uniform patent laws, standard customs regulations, and other measures looking toward closer commercial relations between North and South America, received a greater share of attention.

Simultaneously the United States multiplied its economic ties with its southern neighbors. This was relatively easy, because the Latin American republics have little commercial intercourse with each other and practically all their trade is with transatlantic countries. Until 1906 there was no railway across the Andes; and little water traffic existed between their ports. For example, Brazil imported Chile nitrates, to fertilize its coffee fields, from Ham-

burg. One of the first objects of the United States in building the Panama Canal was to provide a quick and convenient highway between its eastern factories and the rich mineral districts of the West Coast.

Brazil was the first country picked out by Washington for economic conquest. About the beginning of the century her coffee planters were in distress as a result of overproduction. Her largest and most remunerative market for coffee was in the United States, with its rapidly growing population. New York quickly saw the advantage of this, and determined to capture the Brazilian market for American manufacturers by a policy of reciprocity, and thus to make the largest of the South American republics a counterpoise against Britain's commercial stronghold in Argentina. Using the threat of higher import duties on coffee if its overtures were rejected, Washington secured special privileges for its merchandise in Brazil, to the distinct disadvantage of England, which hitherto had largely monopolized Brazil's markets. Political influence followed the footsteps of trade. England still remained entrenched in Argentina and in Chile, where she retained control of the nitrate industry. Even before 1914, however, the mining industry of Chile, as well as of Peru and Bolivia, was rapidly falling into American hands.

It was no mere accident that America's conquest of the Caribbean coincided with the outbreak of the World War. During the years immediately preceding, the Great Powers of Europe, and above all England, had been too preoccupied with dangers near home to trouble themselves about that distant region. When hostilities actually broke out, Washington adopted a policy of watchful waiting. An acute business crisis followed at once in South America, which lost its market

in Europe and could get no merchandise there so long as manufacturers were fully employed producing war materials and supplying home needs. America's business leaders instantly realized this, and hastened to profit by the absence of competition to secure control of the Latin American trade. They were thus able to take a long step forward toward economic Pan Americanism.

More important than even this trade, however, was America's vast export of capital. Up to 1914 London had a virtual monopoly of lending to South America. The Rothschilds had furnished money liberally — and at a high interest — to its governments and private enterprises. The impecunious and ill-managed governments of the Spanish-speaking republics had been forced to borrow again and again, and were under moral compulsion to favor their creditors. But England, overburdened as she was by the cost of the war, could no longer supply these funds; whereupon American financiers promptly took her place as a lender.

Naturally, therefore, the fifth Pan American Congress, which met in 1918 at Buenos Aires, was held in the shadow of the golden calf. Closer economic relations between North and South America were the dominant theme, and the Latins listened with new attention and acquiescence to the proposals of the Yankees. Nevertheless, no binding obligations were assumed, as it was seen that the European conflict would soon be over. In fact, the United States itself had entered the war the year before. One of Washington's reasons for doing so was unquestionably to weaken Germany's hold on South America, and to occupy her place there. This immediately started a bitter contest, especially in Argentina. The North Americans threatened with economic reprisals anyone who championed

the cause of Germany, bribed the local press, and subsidized political opponents of officials who resisted their policy. Many reasons made the Latin American republics averse to joining Washington against the Central Powers. They naturally felt that to do so at the bidding of their big neighbor would make them look like vassals. Furthermore, the Germans had made themselves in many places an almost indispensable element in the community. Last of all, the outcome of the war was uncertain, and South America's military men for the most part sympathized with the Germans. But the factor that ultimately determined the action of these governments was economic. Brazil, whose business relations with North America were closest, immediately seconded Washington's action in declaring war. Bolivia, where the Standard Oil Company is very powerful and where the mining industries sell their output to the United States, quickly followed suit. This broke up the fragile A. B. C. group. Peru joined the Yankees, and it looked for a time as if Argentina and Chile would be forced to do the same. Violent war propaganda broke out in both countries, and a mob burned the German Club at Buenos Aires. But both countries had strong executives who were resolved to remain neutral and were determined not to submit to Washington's Pan American hegemony. Consequently Germany retained her foothold in these countries.

By the end of the war South America had been enriched by immense deliveries of raw materials to the Allies, but she had bought this wealth at a high cost. The United States, with its power and influence multiplied by the war, threatened to dominate the whole hemisphere. Weakened Europe was no longer a counterpoise to this mighty rival. And the Latin Americans were

more disunited than ever, for their old controversies had been aggravated by new causes of ill-will.

In a word, therefore, one gain of the war for North America was a complete economic victory over Europe in South America. She now had a merchant marine, which she had hitherto lacked. She had established herself firmly in Spanish American markets. She had made herself a leading creditor of the Spanish-speaking nations. Last of all, she had built up a great cable and telegraph service which supplied most of the news to the Latin American press.

South America looked forward with hope to the Peace Conference. To be sure, she was suspicious of Wilson's fair words, for she was already familiar with North American methods. Her interest in the League of Nations was not profound, although she fancied for a moment that this new body, where the Latin element was in the majority, might prove a counterweight to Yankee Pan Americanism. But the keen political instinct of her diplomats soon told them that they had little to hope for in this direction. Although the League showed special honor to the Latin American delegates, and England exerted herself to the utmost to keep their governments in the League, Argentina withdrew in 1921, other governments defaulted in paying their assessments, and a general drifting away from the Geneva body has followed.

As a matter of fact, after the war Latin Americans were too preoccupied with the problem of making a living to interest themselves deeply in distant political experiments. Europe began to ship merchandise again to her old customers, and up to the end of 1919 prices for South American produce held firm in the hope of a coming demand from abroad. Corn, wheat, wool, and nitrates filled the warehouses. Im-

porters ordered freely from Europe and America, counting on a speedy trade revival. But Europe refused to react. Money was scarce; purchasers were few. An acute depression followed. The goods that filled warehouses to their roofs refused to move. Public revenues declined. Exchanges sank; unemployment spread. There was only one helper to whom to turn — the United States. That country had the gold of the world in its coffers, and afforded the only normal consuming market. Chile shipped sixty per cent of her nitrate there, and practically all of her copper. Bolivia sold there her tin and copper, Brazil her coffee and rubber, and Peru her petroleum. Thus the Yankee became master of South American business, and was clever enough to profit by his advantage. His great ideal, a *pax Anglosaxonica* covering both continents and welding them into a single economic province, seemed about to be realized.

South America's shaken public finances were skillfully utilized to fortify this control. Customs revenues fell off, and emissaries from almost every Latin American State posted off to New York to get money enough to keep their governments running. This was loaned them at a high rate of interest, and every interest day a new loan had to be floated. Efforts to secure relief in London failed. England had no money to lend except to her own Dominions: she herself had become America's debtor. Soon the larger municipalities in Latin America were compelled to have recourse also to Wall Street. As money poured in from New York, government contracts sped back to American workshops. Whenever a railway was to be built, the money must come from the United States, and it came in the shape of steel rails and machinery and rolling stock. The Yankee engineer thus followed in the

footsteps of the Yankee financier, and in the wake of these came commercial travelers and tourists. The dollar and Yankee prestige advanced hand in hand. American officers replaced the German military instructors who had been forced by the war to return home. England's South American squadron was called back to the mother country for reasons of economy. The Stars and Stripes became familiar in every harbor. Everywhere appeared the Ford and the Cadillac, which it is the secret dream of every South American to own. Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin monopolized the screen. Jazz bands played Yankee airs at every dance. American cartoons and funny strips, and New York telegraphic dispatches, supplied entertainment and information to the people. What does it matter that the number of American citizens residing in these republics is relatively small and that they are far from popular? Their word is law, and they inspire involuntary if reluctant respect with their technical skill, their unshakable faith in the success of their vast enterprises, their optimistic conviction that they are blessing the Latin Americans with their works and regenerating them with the employment they offer them.

Dollar diplomacy was promptly followed by new political overtures. During the Disarmament Conference at Washington, late in 1921, pressure was brought upon the Latin American governments to enter into arbitration treaties with each other and with the United States. Everyone recognized that the State Department had one specific controversy in view. To understand it we must once more dip back into history.

During the fifties of the last century valuable deposits of nitrate were discovered in what were then the Peruvian provinces of Tarapaca and Tacna and

the Bolivian province of Antofagasta. Chile coveted these, and advanced a claim to them. As a result, war broke out in 1879 between Chile on the one hand and Peru and Bolivia on the other, in which Chile won a complete victory. By the Treaty of Ancon, in 1883, Bolivia definitely lost Antofagasta, and with it her only access to the sea, and Peru lost Tarapaca. Chile likewise took possession of the provinces of Tacna and Arica, with the understanding that a plebiscite, upon which the United States was even then insisting, should be held ten years later to determine their ultimate disposition. For one reason and another, this plebiscite was repeatedly deferred. Thus the ancient bitterness between the contestants was kept alive, and in 1920 Chile and Peru actually began to mobilize against each other.

As early as 1918 Wilson had proposed arbitration to them, but Chile, considering herself *persona non grata* at Washington on account of her neutrality during the war, refused to consider the suggestion. But in 1920 a change of parties in Chile placed in the presidential chair Arturo Alessandri, a Radical, who promptly invited Peru to resume direct negotiations with his Government. Peru suggested that the Conference be held in Washington, where it took place in May 1922, under the chairmanship of Secretary Hughes. That gentleman urged the parties to come to some agreement by themselves, but he was probably not surprised when in January 1923 they asked President Harding to arbitrate their dispute. These proceedings continued under President Coolidge. Meanwhile Chile had begun to borrow from Wall Street to meet the exigent necessities of her Treasury. When in September 1924 President Alessandri was overthrown by a military insurrection and took refuge in the American Embassy,

the United States promptly stopped the arbitration proceedings, and refused to recognize the new revolutionary government. Partly as a result of this, and partly for other reasons, sentiment in Chile swung around, Alessandri was called back, and the negotiations were resumed. The United States decided that a plebiscite should be held, evidently figuring that it would have the gratitude of whichever party won, and would be able to purchase by financial aid the consent of the defeated country. But a plebiscite proved impossible. Bolivia began to assert her claims, and Chile distrusted Washington's impartiality. So at present plans for neutralizing the disputed territories are under consideration.

We must not omit, in this brief review of the most recent phases of Pan Americanism, Brazil's withdrawal from the League of Nations. Washington was strongly in favor of such action, and its Ambassador at Rio actually congratulated the Brazilian Government upon the step it had taken. For the Yankees have every reason to prefer that the South American republics should not establish too close relations with Europe, and they regard the League as a rival of their Pan American Union. On the other hand, their ambiguous attitude in the Tacna-Arica dispute has aroused distrust in Latin America and has given a new impulse to the Hispano-American movement.

Serious obstacles exist, however, to any method of joint action confined exclusively to the Spanish-speaking nations of the Western Hemisphere. This was very apparent at the sixth Pan American Congress, held in 1923 at Santiago, Chile. Washington kept in the background as much as possible during that gathering, in view of the pending Tacna-Arica negotiations. Thereupon Brazil and Chile on the one hand and Argentina on the other fell

into a violent quarrel. The latter country felt that it was gradually being encircled by Brazil and Chile, both of whom were coming increasingly under the political and economic sway of the United States. So acute were the differences that developed that for a time even private telegrams were censored in order that the outside world might not learn how bitter were the dissensions in South America.

Meanwhile the North Americans march straight ahead toward the Pan America which they want and which they see will profit them. Although they have erected barriers against immigrants from all the rest of the world, Latin Americans can enter their country without restriction. They are laboring tirelessly to increase cultural intercourse with their Southern neighbors. Almost every year scientific congresses, press congresses, and similar scholarly or professional gatherings, bring the people of the two continents together. Albeit other regions, like the Far East and Europe, are more important from a business point of view for the United States, its people look upon South America as their land of destiny. They may have no definite vision as yet of a final form which their relations with that continent will assume. The Anglo-Saxons do not court political union with other races, or even colonial connections. Nominally the Latin American republics will retain their independence for an indefinite time to come, but they are not likely to take any important step against the wishes of their powerful neighbor.

This does not affect the fact, however, that a natural gulf exists between the North Americans and the South Americans, between the Anglo-Saxons and the Iberians. The latter may appreciate the peace and prosperity which the former bring them, but they cannot love their benefactors. No

matter how astute, how wise, the propaganda of Pan Americanism may be, it will never have the whole-hearted sympathy of the Southern peoples. The latter lack the political genius and the organizing ability to forge their vast, diverse, and sparsely settled territories into a single unit. Their will to be independent has, to be sure, grown stronger of recent years, but the power of the Yankees has increased even faster. But a cultural union of the Spanish-speaking peoples is quite conceivable. Including the easily assimilated Portuguese element, they already total in round numbers more than ninety million. Spain has exerted herself successfully of late to strengthen her intellectual and economic ties with her former colonies. This year a large South American Exposition is to be held at Seville. The anniversary of the discovery of America, October 12, is observed as a festival of the race in Spain, Portugal, and most parts of Latin America. But such groupings have little political significance. France likewise is seeking to extend her already strong intellectual influence in the Spanish-speaking republics with a view to winning also their political friendship. Shrewd writers like Garcia Calderon, whose work upon the Latin democracies of America is the best book that has appeared on the subject, ardently champion the 'Latin theory.'

But the South Americans are a very practical people. They have a keen sense of the difference between the things of the flesh and the things of the spirit. They love and admire the latter, but they never lose sight of the former. They honor Paris, but they buy their goods in New York. Their common sense tells them that Pan America without the Yankees is just now impossible, for these are the only people who can make it work. For us Germans it

is difficult to decide precisely where justice and injustice, and right and wrong, lie. To quote a German philosopher, 'We discover great processes in history which we can only record and cannot presume to judge.'

A grouping of many nations into one great union, a bridging-over of racial differences, peaceful arbitration of vital controversies — who can fail to see the parallel between these ideals and what is in the air in Europe? Surely the Pan Europa idea comes to us from America, which has already labored for many years to unite an entire hemisphere, and conceived this ideal long before what we call *Geopolitik* was invented. But there is a fundamental difference in the two situations. Pan American union, so far as we can judge by its history hitherto, is promoted by a single Power stronger than all the others combined — strong enough, indeed, to enforce its decisions. Effective arbitration assumes the existence of a judge who not only determines what is right, but has the power to enforce that right. The North Americans aspire to be both judge and policeman in their Pan America — and actually are so to a great extent. They wish to be the monarch. They wish to identify themselves with the interests of each individual. When he suffers injustice

they wish to sit in judgment on his case, and to enforce that judgment with political, military, and economic sanctions. But their own interests, conceived as the interests of those who protect all the others, must therefore take precedence. The imperialist idea is the stronger, and overrides the idea of self-determination. They insist upon peace and order because this is necessary for the exercise of their own authority. They realize perfectly how effective and convincing is the theory that America is predestined by its natural boundaries to be united and independent, but they have not been able to bridge the deep gulf between Anglo-Saxons and Iberians. Possibly the gradual modifications now occurring in the North American race will little by little reduce this difference, but that is hardly probable. To-day and for a long time to come Pan Americanism must signify the claim of the United States to exercise tutelage over nations essentially different from itself, over peoples who, in the bottom of their hearts, resent this control, but who are compelled by economic necessity and their own vital interests to accept this tutelage, and to place themselves, their liberties, their territories, and all they possess, under the protection of their powerful guardian.

## WHY THERE ARE TWO AMERICAS<sup>1</sup>

BY RAMIRO DE MAEZTU

IN reviewing my recent visit to America I must begin with the fact, known to every educated Latin American, that the United States is at the present time the creditor nation of the world, and that not only the Spanish-speaking peoples, but all the other peoples of the globe, are therefore to a greater or lesser extent economically dependent on that country. But why are the North Americans creditors? Why are we debtors? Does the United States possess some secret of wealth which it behooves us to discover in order to emancipate ourselves?

Important facts are generally visible, but they are not always seen in their true perspective. Even our high-school students glibly quote the motto of the rebellious British colonists, 'No taxation without representation.' That is a dictum so clear and precise that one hundred and fifty years of legal interpretation have not been able to amplify it. Political writers also dwell upon the statement in the Declaration of Independence that all men are born free and equal. Even more important, perhaps, is the affirmation that officials and rulers are only the trustees and servants of the public. But if we confine ourselves to these generalizations we overlook the real reason for the existence of the United States.

Yet that reason is as clear as day. The colonists had three major complaints against Great Britain. First, the Government of that country tried

to monopolize, directly or through a few privileged persons, the profits derived from developing its transatlantic possessions. Second, England sought to monopolize the commerce of those possessions by compelling their trade to pass through British hands and by forcing the colonists to use British goods. Third, the British Parliament attempted to levy taxes upon them, thus asserting absolute jurisdiction over all parts of the Empire. Summed up in a sentence, Great Britain tried to exploit its colonies by imposing direct and indirect tribute upon them, which the colonists refused to pay. The latter were traders, manufacturers, and farmers. They were growing wealthy, and they lived in a land of unbounded resources. They were determined to get the benefit of those resources for themselves. They had no intention of letting any Government have them. They organized themselves politically in such a way that the State could not interfere with the free growth of private property. That is why there is a United States. No taxation without representation means that the Government cannot without the people's consent take any part of that property for its own use. To be sure, the colonists had to set up a State of their own in order to have the kind of government that they wanted. But they created that State in their own image. Sovereignty was not vested in their rulers and magistrates, but in the people as a whole. The primary pur-

<sup>1</sup> From *La Prensa* (Buenos Aires Liberal daily), December 23 and 30

pose of this was to prevent the existence of any power that could take their money away from them without their own consent. Thus protected in their property rights, they have become the wealthiest people in the world. . . .

No similar sentiment ever manifested itself conspicuously in Spanish America. The La Paz Proclamation of July 28, 1809, extols the idea of the fatherland, of liberty, and of resistance to Spanish pride. The last seems to have been the dominant sentiment, to judge by the emphasis with which it is expressed. 'We have suffered with a silence akin to the stupidity which the unjust Spaniard attributes to us. We have permitted without protest our birthright as Americans to be converted into a stigma of humiliation and ruin. It is high time to throw off that bitter yoke, so fatal to our own happiness and so flattering to Spanish pride.' Nowhere in that Proclamation do we discover any reference to the economic advantages of independence. The statement that 'it is high time to organize a new system of government founded on the interests of our fatherland, which are arrogantly disregarded by the illegitimate policy of Madrid,' so clearly refers to purely political interests that we can hardly ascribe much economic meaning to it.

I have read dozens of proclamations, manifestoes, and important speeches dating from that period. Rarely have I found in them even the remotest allusion to an economic grievance. I do not say that such grievances did not exist; for no man and no community can be utterly blind to economic interests. But these are never brought to the fore. To control the Government implied the right to levy taxes, to borrow money, to appoint officials, all of which are acts that have an economic

aspect. But no thought was given to these features of government, or at least not enough to lead to their being mentioned. The moving force of the revolt against Spain was America's pride. It was to this pride that Dr. Pérez Castillano appealed to justify the Constitution of September 21, 1806, before the Bishop of Buenos Aires: 'If it is a cause of regret that Montevideo has been the first city in America to manifest a noble and vigorous desire to occupy a position of equality with the cities of the mother country . . .'

I have dwelt on this high-spirited sentiment of American pride because I believe it is an enduring stimulus, which will eventually enable the people of Spanish America not only to win economic independence but also to fulfill their higher destinies. That sentiment animated the French Revolution, which was characterized by the same appeal to national pride and by the same absence of economic ends. While the British colonists in North America fought a war of independence because they refused to place their property at the disposal of anybody but their own chosen servants, the Latin Americans rebelled against Spain chiefly because they were weary of playing second fiddle to their transatlantic masters. The North American fought against paying taxes; the Spanish American fought for the privilege of levying them. The North American fought for the power of money; the South American fought for the money of power. The Northerners were manufacturers, merchants, farmers, ever on the alert to keep the State from interfering with their private business. The men of the South were political leaders and their followers, ambitious to be the State. The last thing that the man of the North desires is to be associated with the Government. Yet that is the supreme ambition of the Southerner.

All other contrasts between Anglo-Saxon and Iberian America can be traced back to this initial difference: Yankee capitalism never permits the Government to interfere with its own progress. Because North America has made private property supreme, she has progressed faster than her neighbors. Her people always have had money enough to provide employment for the immigrants who have flocked to her shores, while the immense resources of Latin America have lain fallow for want of capital to make them available for human use. No Spanish American republic has been able to attract immigrants until it has first attracted capital. And that capital is never sufficient, because its natural increase goes to the foreign lender.

It is logical, therefore, that a nation which won its independence primarily in order freely to multiply its wealth should actually be the richest nation on the globe. The Spanish Americans fought Spain because they would not permit the men of another continent to be set above themselves. They, too, gained their object, but in defending their personal pride and dignity they let economic questions take care of themselves. Therefore they are debtor peoples. Yet their very pride may ultimately help them win their economic independence.

I might illustrate this by a little Mexican town called Las Vegas, in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains in New Mexico, not far from Colorado. The fact that this town stands on the remotest confines of that part of America peopled by the Spanish-speaking race makes the example more significant. At the time when transcontinental railroads were being built across the Union, several North American families settled near Las Vegas, which had hitherto been inhabited exclusively by Mexicans, who had retained their

national characteristics, their language, and their customs ever since 1847, when the United States took those territories from Mexico. In the course of time the two settlements incorporated themselves as a city. But the Mexicans were accustomed to live à la buena de Dios, with very few public services, even fewer public improvements, and practically no taxes. They rather took pride as frontiersmen in being able to do without so many things that other people considered necessary. So they did not like their civic amalgamation with the North Americans, and the two communities finally separated. The Mexicans went on living as they had before, without anyone trying to induce them to change their ways. Very soon, however, the North American town began to go ahead, put in extensive public improvements, housed its public schools in palatial buildings, and became a modern city. As time went on the Mexicans began to compare the neglect and retrogression of their town with its progressive neighbor, until finally their pride stimulated them to a sense of rivalry. They decided to show that they could do as much as the Yankees on the other side of the town line. So they levied higher taxes, borrowed money, built schoolhouses, and to-day have a town that rivals, in neatness, beauty, progress, and municipal services, other American towns of equal size and wealth.

In fact, the present problem of Spanish America, in its relations with the Anglo-Saxons, is to place at the service of material development the same spirit of pride and self-respect that it has hitherto devoted to the conquest of political power.

North Americans do not differ from Spanish Americans so much in temperament, or in a natural love for material things, as because their history and traditions have given them a

different mentality, and above all a different idea of money.

Keyserling, in his *Travel Diary of a Philosopher*, has acutely observed that all the North American sects, from the seventeenth century down, have agreed in considering wealth a sign of divine grace. I need only cite, as evidence that this is still a guiding article of faith with the North Americans, a paragraph from a book printed in their country, not in the seventeenth century, but in 1926. Its title is *The Present Economic Revolution in the United States*, and its author is Professor Thomas Nixon Carver, of Harvard University. The author's distinction as an economist and the high standing of the institution with which he is connected give the opinion exceptional authority. I quote the paragraph in full, and ask my readers to give close attention, for nothing quite like it has ever been written in the language of Castile: —

'The amazing material prosperity that is coming to this country through the pursuit of the noble ideal of equality under liberty, and our failure to develop the arts of leisure, are deceiving many superficial observers into believing that our ideals are themselves materialistic. But this prosperity is coming to us precisely because our ideals are not materialistic. It is coming to us because we are pursuing the exalted ideal of equality under liberty, as it must of necessity come to any nation that pursues that ideal whole-heartedly and enthusiastically. No nation can fail to prosper, up to the limit set by its physical resources, that genuinely seeks equality under liberty. All these things are being added unto us precisely because we are seeking the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, as they are always added and must of logical necessity always be added unto any nation that seeks

whole-heartedly those ideals of justice that are the very essence of the Kingdom of God.'

The Fathers of the Revolution in North America had been educated in the school of Benjamin Franklin. That philosopher still guides, in a degree, the thinking of the present generation, for his life is studied in primary and higher schools, together with that of Washington, and the characters of the two men are constantly compared and extolled in school recitations and debates. Now Franklin wrote, in 1736, a pamphlet entitled *Necessary Hints to Those Who Would Be Rich*, and in 1748 another, entitled *Advice to a Young Tradesman*. These homilies abound in such sentiments as the following: —

'Remember that time is money. He that can earn ten shillings a day by his labor, and goes abroad, or sits idle one half of that day, though he spends but sixpence during his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon that the only expence; he has really spent, or rather thrown away, five shillings besides. . . . Remember that credit is money. If a man lets his money lie in my hands after it is due, he gives me the interest, or so much as I can make of it during that time. . . . Remember this saying, "The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse." . . . The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer: but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice in a tavern . . . he sends for his money the next day.'

And above all note the following sentences: —

'Remember that money is of a prolific, generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned is six, and turned again it is seven and three-pence; and so on till it

becomes an hundred pounds. The more there is of it, the more it produces every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. He that kills a breeding sow, destroys all her offspring to the thousandth generation. He that murders a crown, destroys all that it might have produced, even scores of pounds.'

One cannot comprehend the full meaning of these words unless he sees in them more than merely utilitarian advice, or the technique of living as conceived by a practical mind. Their significance comes, as Max Weber has observed, from the fact that they picture for us as an ideal type of man him who is worthy to enjoy credit, and, above all, that they teach the moral obligation resting upon every individual to multiply his fortune. This is not merely a counsel of expediency, but a categorical imperative, an ethical obligation. We may add that Benjamin Franklin's philosophy involves also what we call a 'reverential' attitude toward money, although that expression dates from a much later period. Money is conceived as a power of infinite possibilities, as an aspect of the infinite, and this metaphysical concept of money produces in a man who finds inspiration in Benjamin Franklin a sentiment of reverence.

Furthermore, Franklin's pages portray the birth of capitalism to our eyes. For capitalism is not wealth. There have always been rich men and poor men in the world. The essential characteristic of our capitalist civilization, which dates only from the eighteenth century, is the exploitation of natural wealth through the agency of capital investment. Only by applying capital to natural resources can money be made reproductive and indefinitely increased. Mere exchange would never convert the five shillings of Franklin into a hundred pounds.

How different from this is the attitude toward money and private property which we find in Spanish America! The aboriginal Indian had no conception of property as an absolute and individual possession. The thought that a particular piece of land could belong to a single person never entered the head of the nomadic native, and the sedentary native never got beyond the idea of communal property owned by his village or by his chief. The Spaniard or Portuguese of the sixteenth century usually took up a large tract of land which he cultivated very casually or devoted entirely to grazing. He had none of the peasant's love of the earth he tilled. He knew nothing of careful economies and attention to detail. He occupied himself with horses and jewels rather than with fields and buildings. Although beginning with the eighteenth century emigrants from Galicia and Catalonia began to flock to the Spanish colonies, and subsequently Italians and Germans settled there, and although these later comers were men of the peasant type, accustomed to an *hacienda de montaña, dos huevos y una castaña* and trained to look carefully after trifles, and although, since they came from countries having a regular rainfall, they were used to calculating their crops in terms of labor and not of the caprices of the season, they did not change the earlier customs of the country.

In fact, both the earlier and the later immigrants accepted Saint Thomas Aquinas's doctrine of property and money, while the Puritans of North America took literally Saint Paul's admonition: 'This we commanded you, If any will not work, neither let him eat.' Saint Thomas Aquinas taught that the duty of labor has been imposed upon the human race as a whole but not upon the individual. He believed that there was no ethical value

in labor itself. It was for each one to choose whether or not he would work, as it was for him to choose whether he would eat and drink.

Indeed, the Church left economic theories largely alone, if we except her attitude toward interest, and she never explicitly approved or condemned even this during the Middle Ages. Nevertheless, the Latin races have always questioned the justice of taking interest, because they have little conception of the importance of capital as an instrument that multiplies the output of labor when applied to production.

Still another influence determining the attitude of the Latin Americans toward wealth and industry was the fact that their territories were so delightful, so rich, so ample, that it seemed impossible to add appreciably to their beauty, wealth, or greatness by human effort. The very exuberance of Nature subdued the newcomers, who from the first felt themselves incapable of mastering their environment. An identical sentiment explains the stoicism of the Indian, his philosophy of *sustine et abstine*, of enduring all and dispensing with all.

Europe became known to the Indians, who still form so important an element in Latin America, first through the soldier, the *conquistador*, who subjugated them. Following him came the *encomendero*, or royal grantee, and the missionary. The encomendero sought wealth; the missionary preached poverty. The encomendero was more powerful than the missionary, but the native accepted the teaching of the latter. Faced by a choice between the practice of the encomendero and the doctrine of the missionary, and feeling himself able to do without wealth, he elected to embrace the cross of poverty, which he already bore.

Several influences therefore combined to make the Spanish American

look upon money as a mere instrument of pleasure without reproductive value. He has never acquired the capitalist conception of wealth. When the emeralds of Colombia, the sugar of Cuba, the silver of Potosí and Mexico, or the cacao of Venezuela, supplied the Creole with rivers of gold, he spent his money with proverbial prodigality. Let me quote from a description of Good Friday in the Plaza Principal of Mexico in 1840. It is written by Señora Calderón de la Barca, the North American wife of a Spanish gentleman: —

'All the plaza, from the Cathedral to the entrance and from the Monte de Piedad to the Palace, was thronged with thousands and tens of thousands of people, all dressed in their finest apparel; and as the sun shone upon the sea of color they seemed like serried ranks of gorgeous tulips. Here was a group of ladies clad in black, with black mantillas. Beyond were others who had already attended Mass. They wore gowns of satin or velvet, and went uncovered. And such a wealth of beautiful hair as they displayed! . . . All the groups we had seen strolling through the streets on the day before were now gathered here. The wives of the shopkeepers, or even of those of the lower class, wore beautiful gowns embroidered in white, and satin slippers, — although their stockingless feet and ankles were otherwise bare, — and brilliant *rebozos*, or shawls, were thrown over their heads. Country women were also there by thousands, wearing short skirts of two colors, generally red and yellow, — for the old traditions persist, — dainty satin slippers, and blouses trimmed and bordered with lace. Then there were groups of brown-faced girls crowned with wreaths of flowers strolling through the admiring crowd playing little guitars. Most striking of all was here and there a dazzling half-caste girl, richly and taste-

fully dressed, and not infrequently with features of striking beauty. Often-time her gown would be embroidered with massy gold, and a shawl heavy with gold braid, or else of crêpe de Chine embroidered with brilliant colors, would be coquettishly thrown over her head. I saw many costumes in the crowd that could not have cost less than five hundred dollars.'

The five hundred dollars spent on those costumes, if invested in instruments of production, would have created additional wealth, and would ultimately have given Mexico the capital necessary to attract immigrants, to multiply her population, and to develop with her own resources, independently of Wall Street, her abounding natural wealth.

## TWO VIEWS OF CHINA<sup>1</sup>

BY GROVER CLARK AND HENRY W. KINNEY

[THE first of the following articles is from the *Peking Leader*, an American-owned daily, of October 10, and was written by Grover Clark, that journal's editor. The second is extracted from a series of articles which appeared in the *Manchuria Daily News*, an English-language newspaper published under Japanese auspices at Dairen, Manchuria, between October 5 and 9 of the past year. Its author is Henry W. Kinney, who is also an American.]

### I. 1911-1926

ON this anniversary of the first open clash in the struggle to establish a republican form of government in China, it is appropriate to ask ourselves what of progress and retrogression the past fifteen years have brought.

There has been a marked falling off of stability and orderliness in the life of the people and in the Government. But there has been an equally marked growth of popular interest in political affairs and a striking increase in the number and variety of efforts to lay the foundations for a new and orderly national life.

Disruption has shown itself in many ways. The militarists and corrupt politicians have bled the national treasury dry, and have wrought such increasing havoc throughout the country that order and security of life and property seem almost to have ceased to exist and there is little authority except that which each petty commander chooses to exercise where his armies give him power.

In the early years of the Republic the railways were extended. They have since been almost ruined, and have become channels for spreading warfare instead of arteries to carry the commercial lifeblood of the nation.

Government schools for a time prospered. But of late they have gone the way of most of the other proper constructive undertakings of the Government — through abject poverty, close to complete annihilation.

Trade for a time boomed. But the quarrels and exactions of the militarists have made of commerce little more than the most strenuous efforts to supply the barest necessities.

These things have been glaringly in

men's eyes. Yet they fall far short of telling the whole story of the fifteen years.

Instead of a few who were directly concerned because they were or hoped to be officials, hundreds of thousands now are beginning to take an interest in political affairs. Not the students only, but the merchants and the gentry also, are showing their growing feeling of responsibility by giving public expression to their views on many political questions.

Their voices frequently are hesitating and feeble, or loud in unwise ways. But they do speak, and what they say already has had noticeable effect in some cases in influencing the actions of officials and militarists. This popular interest in and sense of responsibility for the management of the Government must grow much beyond its present stage before anything like a real republic will be possible. But it already has grown to important proportions — and there can be no popular government without popular interest in governmental affairs.

One element in the growth of popular interest in politics has been the enormous increase in the number of newspapers, magazines, and periodicals of all kinds. Many of these are corrupt or childish, or both. But year by year the standard has risen. Each year, too, has seen more periodicals which are unbuyable and which exercise sane and constructive leadership. Much remains to be done. But a beginning has been made.

The foundations of better things also are being laid in the field of education. Thousands of men have been content to drudge away at inconspicuous and poorly paid work — and as a result millions more can read than ever before. Through various associations, much already has been done to lay the foundations for a primary and middle

school system suited to China's needs. Already a single spoken as well as written language is being taught throughout the country. The private schools of all grades are growing in number, in attendance, and in efficiency. In education only a bare beginning has been made. But more and more men and women of the country are realizing that education is essential. Instead of leaving everything to the Government, they are putting their own time and money into educational development.

The merchants are beginning to develop group self-consciousness and solidarity. They are beginning to see that the common prosperity of all depends on the prosperity of each line of business. So they are uniting in Chambers of Commerce instead of remaining disunited in separate guilds. They are realizing that the interests which bind them together throughout the whole country are much more important than the geographical or other divisions. So the National Chamber of Commerce and the National Bankers Association are gaining steadily in coherence and effectiveness. Here and there the merchants are beginning to refuse to submit unquestioningly to the demands of the militarists. Much development still is needed along these lines. But the development has begun.

Along with all these things — as both their cause and their effect — has come a truly notable growth of national self-consciousness. The increasing nationalist enthusiasm frequently has expressed itself unwisely. But the un wisdom has been mainly that of immaturity and lack of experience, not of selfishness or personal greed.

No people ever has reconstructed its political and social life or put its own house in order until the separate individuals awoke to group self-consciousness. If there had been in the

Chinese character neither seed nor soil from which national self-consciousness could spring, then the outlook would have been dark indeed; there would have been no hope of a great and useful future for China. But the seeds were there, and the soil in which they could grow.

The young sprouts of the new life cause disturbance and confusion as they break through the crust made hard by centuries of quiescence. That is to be expected. But the onlooker who would see the whole picture should keep his eyes free enough from the dust of the disturbances to see that the new plant is there and growing.

No man can say what the immediate future will bring in China, nor what ultimate form her reborn life will take. But the developments of the past fifteen years — considering those which have gone on inconspicuously but no less steadily as well as those which have stormed across the surface — give reasonable promise for the future.

Meanwhile patience is needed — patience and untiring effort to encourage those movements which are constructive, and to help direct the vigor of the new life into useful channels.

## II. WAITING FOR THE EXPLOSION

The public overseas has not awakened to a realization of actual conditions in China, of the chaos of warfare between rival militarists, of the uncontrolled ravages by those whose swords prevail over civil codes. They have no conception of the pathetic inadequacy of the shadow government in Peking, of the wholesale killing and burning and outrage that have become the order of the day, of the destruction of railways and other means of transportation so that at present no mail can be sent to seven of the twenty-two provinces, of the fantastic fiat currencies issued by

the military leaders, of China's amazingly rapid descent to a level below that of any other civilized country.

Therefore foreign residents in China feel that they can induce the Powers to change their present ineffective policy of *laissez faire* only by convincing the world that China's troubles are due almost entirely to internal causes, and that the Chinese themselves are doing nothing to correct them, but are merely trying to confuse opinion abroad by insisting that oppressive and unequal treaties are responsible for all their difficulties. Whenever some major outrage occurred, like the indiscriminate firing on foreign vessels by Chinese troops along the Yangtze, these foreign residents fancied that the last straw had been piled upon the back of the long-suffering camel, and that a point had been reached when something more practical than filing notes of protest at Peking would be done to remedy the situation.

If such a change of policy occurs, Great Britain will take the first step. Her interests in China are mainly commercial, and they are of great, though perhaps not vital, importance to her. She has been the principal sufferer of late from Chinese enmity; she has patiently endured boycotts and strikes, and submitted to affronts that she would have resented instantly twenty years ago. The reason for this is obvious. She feared that if she took strong action against Canton, she would lose what trade remained to her in the rest of China. Now, however, that the Cantonese are beginning to extend their control over the whole country, Britain no longer has a motive for such restraint. Her adoption of a stronger policy toward China promises to be the logical consequence of these changing conditions. What that policy will consist of remains problematical at present. Nevertheless, she has made

two points very plain — she will protect her nationals and their property from Chinese attack, and she will act alone and not ask the other Powers for help.

Japan, on the other hand, persists in her attitude of watchful waiting. Some time ago she suffered several injuries and affronts from the Chinese, such as the murder of Sergeant Namba by the Kuomingchun forces and the firing on her warships at Taku Bay. But this was at a time when the Powers had agreed to stretch their patience to the utmost in order to ensure, if possible, some measure of success for the conferences then being held at Peking. Since then Japanese nationals and property have not been appreciably affected; and Japan is doubtless wise not to cry out before she is hurt. Furthermore, she has more at stake in China than any other Power. Were Great Britain to lose her Chinese market entirely, it would be a serious blow to her industries, but not a fatal one; for Japan to do so would spell national disaster. Consequently, while we may expect Japan to protect the interests of her nationals in China, she is hardly ready to coöperate in a strong policy against that country.

None of the Powers is more explicit in its attitude toward China than the United States. The Washington State Department has hastened to announce that it will not go beyond its present policy of filing notes of protest in case of injuries inflicted upon its citizens and their property, unless serious hostile measures are taken specifically against them. We take this to mean that unless the American residents in China can manage to be massacred en masse and to confine that experience exclusively

to themselves they can expect little aid from their Government. Apparently the State Department is intent upon pursuing a policy like that of Nelson at Copenhagen, when he put his spyglass to his blind eye so that he might remain comfortably unaware of the portents which should alarm him.

American opinion in China is divided into two distinct camps. A large section of the missionaries and others engaged in welfare work have conducted a vast campaign of propaganda in the United States to show that the Chinese are quite right in their conduct, however outrageous it may appear at times to the untutored mind; while practically the entire American business community in China, and a silent minority of the missionaries, take precisely the opposite view. But since America's eleemosynary interests here are far greater than her business interests, the opinion of the former prevails.

It seems not impossible, therefore, that a situation may arise where Great Britain, Japan, and perhaps other Powers, will reach the conclusion that their present policy of meekness must be replaced by sterner and more energetic measures. If so, they will certainly ask the United States to join them, though making it plain that if she does not choose to do so they will act without her. America has hitherto taken a leading position in the Far East, but while her intentions have been the best and her ideals the highest, they can hardly be considered, in the light of present events, to have borne much fruit. So the time approaches when Washington must accept its responsibilities and adopt more positive policies or see its influence in China rapidly decline.

# WHY AMERICAN GUNBOATS PATROL THE YANGTZE<sup>1</sup>

## A SHANGHAI EDITORIAL

THE Wanhsien incident of a few weeks ago, wherein British gunboats fought a battle with Chinese troops, resulting in serious casualties on both sides, has started a discussion in the American press on the subject of American gunboats on the Yangtze, which in all probability will receive further attention in the coming session of Congress when the naval appropriation bill comes up for consideration. The Wanhsien incident received considerable attention in the American newspapers. Immediately following this, one of the American gunboats was fired on by Chinese troops near Hankow, which incident received further attention in the American press. This served to arouse considerable interest and much questioning in America, for it apparently was news to many editors that the United States Navy maintains a gunboat flotilla on the Yangtze. This appears rather strange to the Americans residing in China, especially in view of the fact that Congress two years ago appropriated the sum of five million dollars gold for the purpose of constructing six new gunboats to replace the more or less antiquated craft which now makes up what is known as the United States Yangtze Patrol. These new boats are now under construction at the Chinese Government Kiangnan Dock and Engineering Works here in Shanghai; hence this subject is of peculiar interest to Americans residing in China, who have grown to

look upon American gunboats in the China ports and on the inland rivers as a regular and natural phase of American representation in the Far East, similar to the consulates. As a matter of fact, the gunboats serve indirectly as part of the consular equipment, for, although a part of the United States Navy in Far Eastern waters, the gunboats act under orders of the various consuls, who may require their services in connection with the protection of American lives and properties, both of which are menaced almost every time there is a political and military upheaval in China—which is quite often these days.

To take an imaginary case: suppose serious rioting starts at some interior place such as Wuchow in Kwangsi Province, where American missionaries maintain an extensive hospital. The American Consul at Canton, as soon as he hears of the trouble at Wuchow, investigates the situation, and if he considers the trouble to be sufficiently serious he instructs the commander of the American gunboat in Canton harbor to proceed to Wuchow. When the commander of the gunboat reaches the city he communicates with the local American residents, and if they consider the situation to be menacing he may issue instructions for a landing party of sailors to assist in removing the American residents to a place of safety. This is exactly the service rendered by American gunboats in China. If the theoretical gunboat which goes up the West River to rescue the Amer-

<sup>1</sup> From the *China Weekly Review* (Shanghai American English-language weekly), November 13

ican citizens at Wuchow happens to be fired on by Chinese troops or bandits along the river bank, the chances are that the commander of the boat will issue instructions to his gunners to reply to the Chinese soldiers. This is the sort of thing which has become commonplace in China since the disappearance of organized governmental authority. To take another case — this one happening to be a recent and genuine incident: serious rioting developed at the town of Chungking in Szechwan Province, as a direct result of the Wanhsien affair, in which the British were involved with the Chinese soldiers under General Yang-sen. The American Consul not only assisted the American residents to a place of safety, but also probably saved the lives of some seventy-four British women and children who were the main objective of the rioting Chinese.

Now suppose there had been no American gunboats on the Yangtze in the vicinity of Chungking when this rioting developed, the Americans would have been forced to rely on the protection of the British or Japanese gunboats or else go without any protection. Had there been no foreign naval craft on the Yangtze, what might have happened is a mere matter of speculation. Had a dozen or so American citizens been massacred or carried off into the mountains by some bandit or military gang, there naturally would have been a terrific outcry in America, and President Coolidge and the Secretary of State would have had a difficult time explaining why American citizens residing in China did not receive better protection. Had the massacre of foreigners been sufficiently serious and the details sufficiently revolting, there might have been a demand for armed intervention which would have forced the hands of the Administration, as was the case in the Boxer uprising of 1900.

It is, of course, an anomalous situation, this patrolling China's coast and internal rivers by American and other foreign gunboats when China is supposed to be enjoying peaceful and friendly relations with the United States and the other Powers. But what is to be done about it, in view of the obvious inability of the Chinese to protect foreigners resident within her boundaries? The foreigners are here pursuing their various occupations, and have as much right, legally, to reside here as has Sam Joe to operate a restaurant in Chicago. Under the treaties China is bound to protect these people in their lives and properties, but owing to the breakdown of civil authority and the control of the country by unconstitutional militarists or semibandit gangs America and the other Powers have no other course than to extend what protection they can until China can organize herself into a law-abiding and orderly State. This patrolling of China's internal waterways by foreign naval craft has naturally brought in its train many complications. At the recent meeting of the National Christian Council — the central organization of Protestant missions and Chinese Christian churches — the delegates voted unanimously in favor of the removal of special treaty privileges for missions and churches, and also in favor of treaty revision on a basis of 'freedom and equality.' Since this action was preceded by a long debate in conference and by discussion in the press, there can be no questioning the sincerity or sanity of the missionaries in their action. They realize that the use of gunboats in the protection of foreign lives and properties is causing complications in their work through providing fuel for the radicals, who charge the missionaries with being 'running dogs' for the imperialistic foreign Powers. On the other hand, the missionaries, no

more than other foreigners, relish the idea of providing material for some infuriated mob bent on righting China's wrongs, real or imagined, by taking vengeance on the nearest foreigners. American business men, although they are supposed to be more conservative on this subject of gunboat protection than are the missionaries, are by no means a unit on this question, we having known many instances where American business men have opposed 'strong' action because of its possibly deleterious effect upon future business due to possible boycotts.

Then there are still other problems involved in this patrolling of China's internal waterways by foreign naval craft. It was very definitely shown in the action between the British naval craft and Chinese soldiers at Wanhsien that the present type of foreign gunboat used in China is becoming obsolete. As an American military expert expressed it shortly after the Wanhsien incident, 'the foreigners are no longer in the position of superior human beings shelling a lot of unarmed South Sea Islanders.' In recent years the Chinese have learned much about modern war materials and the use thereof. It is probably true that the Chinese have made greater progress in recent years along the line of modern militarism than in any other line of human activity. They are constantly buying larger and more modern guns, and are rapidly learning how to use them. A foreign military expert who served in the World War on the Western Front and who happened to be in Shanghai during the fighting in the fall of 1924

stated that he saw Chinese operating batteries at the near-by town of Liuho and doing the job just as expertly as did the Westerners in France. Certainly the wrecking of the town of Liuho showed it! Hence the question, Where is the thing to end? A little tin gunboat on a narrow river is no match in a fight with a Chinese army equipped with modern heavy artillery. Unless the foreigners build heavier and better protected gunboats — a difficult thing to do in view of the shallowness of the rivers — the Chinese are shortly (if they are not ready now) going to drive the gunboats off the rivers anyway. Hence the final question, What is to be done about the situation? The foreigners are here, many thousands of them, and they have a right to be here under the treaties. When the foreign Powers permitted and even encouraged their nationals to come to China under certain treaty stipulations, they obviously assumed at the same time the responsibility of protecting their nationals in the enjoyment of their lives and properties while here. But it is an anomalous situation in this modern day and age, this saying on the one hand that China is a sovereign, independent nation, and on the other hand being forced to patrol China's inland waterways in order to provide protection to foreign residents of the country — a job which China should be performing herself, but which she is manifestly unable to do. It is a situation which cannot be explained except by stating that it is a practical problem which exists, and that's that!

## CONSUMERS' HIGH FINANCE<sup>1</sup>

BY DOCTOR HERMANN GOEZ

IN recent years German trading, following American models, has entered upon a new path in respect to the financing of consumption. Whereas hitherto the dealer has sold on the installment system or on credit and has borne the risk of collecting the amount, under the new system a special company with its own capital is introduced between the dealer and the customer, the function of the company being that of according the consumer credit. With this credit the purchaser can buy from any of the dealers comprised in the combination up to the limit of his credit. The financing institution provides the person receiving the credit with a special form of check book. The customer then pays by means of credit checks, generally after having made a cash payment on account. On presenting the check to the credit institution, the trader receives in three days the full cash amount, after deduction of certain expenses for collection. The customer is a debtor only to the paying bank. The trader is thus relieved of all risk and of the collection of the amount credited.

This new method of financing consumption, which began with the establishment of paying banks for motor cars, pianos, and the like, has now been extended in Germany to nearly all kinds of goods. In Berlin four organizations have been founded and have for the most part begun operation —

the Zurich Purchase-Credit Stock Company, which is associated with Hermann Tietz, the great department store company, and has a capital of fifty million marks; the Commercial Investment Trust Company, which has been formed with American capital; the German Furniture Trade Trust Company, which represents furniture dealers exclusively and has Swiss capital at its command; and the German Retailers Credit Company for Customers, known for short as the *Kadege*, with which the Dresdner Bank is associated.

Great hopes of this new method of financing are entertained by German traders. By the granting of consumers' credit a fresh impetus is expected to be given to German industry. To traders the prospect of increased sales is held out, and to producers the prospect of an increased demand, and consequently of a larger production. This, it is said, will lead to the more economical utilization of our machinery of production, which must bring about a reduction in the prices of goods. Unemployment will be diminished, and the well-being of the people will be increased. This would also mean an improvement in the position of the German buyer, whose purchasing power must be raised by the decline in prices.

Anyone reading these recommendations may well ask himself why we did not bring about this happier time of 'buy now and pay later on' long ago. For this there are very good reasons, as everyone knows who clearly realizes the workings of this new type of con-

<sup>1</sup> From the *Economic Review of the Foreign Press* (British European-press summary), December 17

sumption finance in respect to the financing institution, the person receiving the credit, the dealer, and the entire industrial system.

The financing institution which is interposed between the trader and the buyer certainly makes a good profit in any case, as is shown by the following figures which relate to the system of the Kaufkredit A.-G. Assuming that on January 1 of a certain year the bank issued credits to the amount of 2,000,-000 marks, of this sum it forthwith retains 5 per cent as interest — namely, 100,000 marks. This 100,000 marks it can lend out again on the same day. Again it at once receives 5 per cent — namely, 5000 marks — from the borrowers in this transaction. This 5000 marks it can likewise reemploy immediately in granting credits, again receiving in return 5 per cent — namely, 250 marks; and so on. On February 1 the bank receives back the first installment amounting to one fifth of the amount lent — namely Mk. 400,000 + 20,000 + 1000. On February 1, therefore, it can grant fresh credits to the amount of these repaid sums, from which it again deducts in advance 5 per cent by way of interest, which amount it employs in the same way. This goes on throughout the year. The amounts repaid are constantly lent out again, always with the deduction of 5 per cent as interest. If the example is worked out to the end, it will be found that the financing institution obtains an annual interest on its capital of from 35 to 43 per cent. No doubt the financing bank, which covers its expenses out of the collection charges debited to the trader, will have certain losses owing to individual borrowers not paying promptly. It is, however, covered against such losses by reinsurance. In any case there remains an excessive profit at the expense of the receivers of credit.

To the person accepting credit this

system of installment business is very expensive. On the Tietz system, owing to the fact that 5 per cent is deducted in advance from the amounts credited, he actually pays — estimated for the entire year — more than 20 per cent in interest, as is apparent from the following calculation. If, for example, the buyer takes up a credit of 200 marks, he receives, after 5 per cent interest has been deducted, a check letter made out for 190 marks. He has to repay 200 marks in five installments of 40 marks. In addition, he has to pay interest as follows: —

In the 1st month, Mk. 100 = (at 20% per ann.)	Mk. 3.17
" 2nd " " 160 = { " " }	" 2.67
" 3rd " " 120 = { " " }	" 2.00
" 4th " " 80 = { " " }	" 1.34
" 5th " " 40 = { " " }	" 0.86
	Mk. 9.84

On the Tietz system, therefore, there is an increase in the cost of credit, to the person receiving it, of more than 20 per cent, a figure which will be regarded as unfair by those who are willing and able to pay, and who therefore are unwilling to bear the cost and risk arising from bad payers.

In itself this increase in the cost of credit should warn the German buyer to use caution. There is also the additional fact that the high rate of interest is not the only increase. A further rise in price will arise from the fact that the trader will include in his prices his costs for the collection of the credit checks accepted. As Henry Ford says in his latest book: 'The workman who buys on credit thereby injures the production of his country and lowers the purchasing power of his own wages.' The example given above shows that the income concerned is diminished by at least from 20 to 25 per cent.

There is a further danger for the accepter of credit in the fact that purchases for household purposes or for dress are apt to be made which are in harmony neither with his income nor

with his ordinary standard of living (provisions and table luxuries, and also precious metals, cannot be purchased with the credit check). Here it is not necessary to consider the purchase of luxury goods which could be dispensed with. Even the purchase of articles necessary in themselves, but at a higher level of price — for example, furniture made of rare wood — than is appropriate to the customary mode of living, constitutes a danger. How many people, if they are not obliged to pay cash for it, will purchase an article of clothing of more fashionable quality or make, although something less elegant would amply meet their requirements! It must be remembered also that the buyer who has obtained a credit endeavors to turn the amount received into goods as quickly as possible. At the same time, small amounts left over will be readily spent on superfluous articles which offer an unhealthy incitement to purchasing, merely for the sake of getting the whole amount of the credit spent. The danger of an uneconomic employment of the credit is consequently increased, the more so as future expenditure, as is well known, is always underestimated as compared with current expenditure.

Running into debt introduces an element of unstableness into the household of the taker of credit. Beneath the continuous pressure of his payment dates the installment payer easily finds himself deprived of that sure foundation upon which alone he can properly distribute his income. While he is paying off his installments he will frequently be forced to undertake fresh installment obligations for the purpose of satisfying urgent necessities. In that case the danger of intolerable debt servitude becomes more imminent, the more so as in the case of many no increase of income is at once possible even by the intensification of individual

labor. In another passage in his new book, in which he points out that, at best, borrowed money can only put off, but never improve, Ford says: 'Speaking generally, running into debt is a vice.'

Even if it appears in the new form of financing consumption, it is necessary that people should be put strictly on their guard against this vice.

As regards the traders also the system of credit checks is one that does not provide only advantages. No doubt they are relieved of all risk in regard to repayment. But as they are obliged to pay a charge on their normal selling prices for the collection of the accepted checks, they can realize a profit only if the sales under this new system are really equivalent to a new turnover. In that case the diminished profit due to the collection charges will be readily borne. If, on the other hand, only those buyers who would have bought in any case and for cash constitute the purchasers by credit check, there will be a reduction in profits without any increase in turnover. This will also take place if the cash purchasers should demand a discount equivalent to the collection charges.

Before everything, however, there are important economic reasons which are opposed to the new system of credit.

By financing consumption an extension of selling possibilities is not automatically effected without further ado, for no alteration is brought about by the new system in the aggregate amount of the purchasing power of the German people. The consumer who in the first month has increased his purchasing power by taking up a credit, for example, of 2000 marks, and has extended the manufacturer's market by that amount, must during the following months repay the credit plus interest. His purchasing power during these months is consequently dimin-

ished by the amount of the credit plus the amount of the interest. The granting of the credit, therefore, merely causes a temporary displacement of sales, which must be followed later on by a corresponding stagnation. Such a displacement in itself does not by any means lead to an increased market, as a result of which there may be an extension of production, and consequently a lowering of prices.

A general reduction in prices will not be brought about by financing consumption. It is possible, of course, that in the case of goods in connection with which the costs of production and marketing show an exceptionally rapid fall as sales increase—that is, when the general charges form a preponderating part of the total charges, or when improvements of any kind begin to be profitable only at a certain level of production—there may be a cheapening of prices if the production of a later year is anticipated. But here also there is no economic advantage unless the reduction is at least large enough to counterbalance the 20 per cent increase in the price of the goods to the consumer which is caused by the payment of interest on his credit.

In America this was so to some extent. So many motor cars were sold on the installment system that mass production was rendered possible. The American purchasers, however, owing to the rapidly increasing national income and the natural wealth of the country, were in the position of being able to increase their incomes by raising their personal labor output, so that the installments were practically balanced by their increased earnings.

In Germany, however, the conditions are different. Generally speaking, it is impossible for the takers of credit to increase their income to such an extent that the credit installments can be paid off without some restriction in the sat-

isfaction of other requirements. In America, moreover, the aid of the home money market is employed in financing consumption, so that the country's own economic system has always the benefit of the interest paid. In Germany, where savings are still scarce and the money market is still restricted, recourse has to be had to foreign capital in financing consumption. This means obtaining additional credits, for which high rates of interest must be paid to foreign countries. This is detrimental to our payment balance and lowers the national income.

A further objectionable feature is that the credit is given for purposes of consumption—that the national economic system, instead of employing for productive purposes the capital lent from abroad, which it must repay with high interest, merely consumes it. As goods which are rapidly consumed—particularly food and table luxuries—cannot be purchased with credit checks, the purchase of permanent commodities of consumption is favored. In itself the education of buyers in the direction of putting their money into goods of a lasting nature is desirable. But the diversion of incomes from the savings banks will at the same time bring about a restriction in the supply of the means of production. No doubt there are permanent articles of consumption which from an economic standpoint must be valued more highly than certain goods used in production—for example, a gas cooking stove which contributes to the economical working of a household. There is, however, the danger that permanent articles of consumption which supply needs that are not indispensable, or which are imported from abroad,—such as furs, for the most part,—will be procured. As these are chiefly goods such as the taker of credit would not otherwise have bought, the financing of consump-

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tion leads to a displacement of the demand for other goods. Individual branches of trade make use of this possibility of altering the direction of demand to attract consumers to their particular products by granting them credits on a large scale. In this way the credit business is turned into an important weapon in competition. This explains, moreover, the rapidity with which the new installment system has extended.

Finally, the decrease in purchasing power caused by the increased price of

the purchase is a danger. It leads to a displacement in the employment of income. Of the aggregate income of the population a larger proportion than hitherto will be consumed and a smaller proportion saved. As a result less capital will in future be available for the provision of fresh means of production in the first place, while, in the second, the redemption of the credits, to the amount of many milliards, which the German industrial system has obtained abroad will be rendered more difficult.

## TO HELEN WITH A BOTTLE OF SCENT

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

[*Saturday Review*]

SAGE titillater of a thousand noses,  
Old Hafiz the Perfumer, years ago  
Boiled down two gardensful of yellow roses  
And skimmed the gold froth from the sumptuous brew;  
Then strained it out into a crystal vat  
To work and settle during certain moons  
As ordered in the thirteenth Caliphate;  
Then boiled again and stirred with silver spoons  
Till shrunk to half; and so, by slow degrees,  
Boiled and laid up and boiled again, till fined  
To pure quintessence purged of subtlest lees.

Then, death at hand, he chose with artist's mind  
This curious flask embossed with bees and flowers,  
And drop by drop with trembling hand distilled  
The priceless attar — whose insidious powers,  
Helen, I place at your command, though chilled  
With aching doubts lest you, while up in town,  
Shedding its sunny fragrance on the air,  
Should trap the dashing Captain Archy Brown  
Or twang the heartstrings of some millionaire.

## A NATURALIST AT DINNER<sup>1</sup>

BY E. G. BOULENGER, F. Z. S.

DIRECTOR OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S AQUARIUM

As we are dependent upon food for our continued existence, the subject of one's dinner may be regarded as making a universal appeal. The man of the future, as portrayed by Mr. H. G. Wells, may perhaps subsist solely upon tabloids and injections, but the time-honored custom of sitting down to table and wielding a knife and fork is fortunately still regarded by the vast majority of mankind as a very agreeable necessity.

The hors d'œuvre course should be regarded in the nature of an appetizer — something to soothe and at the same time to excite the palate. Like the curtain raiser at the play, it should prepare one for further and even greater joys to come. It may consist of a single dish, such as oysters, snails, or plovers' eggs, or, again, it may be composed of a medley of small dishes as varied in flavor as in form and color.

Hors d'œuvres merely whet the appetite of the gourmet. The gourmand abuses the dish, with the result that his appetite becomes dulled and he fails to appreciate to the full the remainder of the repast. In my ideal menu my readers are invited to choose from the following hors d'œuvres: oysters, caviar, snails, prawns, sea urchins, *bêches de mer*, plovers' eggs, pâté de foie gras, frogs' legs.

To the first man to swallow an oyster alive the epicure owes a deep debt of gratitude. He has not been entirely

forgotten, as his problematic likeness has been portrayed by the late G. F. Watts in his picture representing the hypothetical event, which hangs in the Tate Gallery.

The man had sure a palate covered o'er  
With brass, or steel, that on the rocky shore  
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat  
And risked the living morsel down his throat.

But to come down to cold fact, the first man on record who ever took oyster culture seriously was one Sergius Orata, who founded a 'farm' about 100 B.C. in the Lucrine Lake, in Southern Italy. History relates that he annexed a portion of the lake for the purpose, and in consequence became involved in a lawsuit, which he fortunately won. His counsel, a man of mettle, declared in open court that his client, sooner than give up oyster culture, would grow the mollusks in tanks on the roof of his house. A long gap occurs in the chain of history between Sergius Orata and the next recorded oyster farmer. We may safely infer, however, that the taste for oysters rapidly increased from 100 B.C. onward, and a close study of ancient chronicles justifies the view that oysters were not the least of Ancient Britain's riches which ultimately provoked the Roman invasion.

French oysters have earned a great reputation for gustatory excellence, especially the bright green ones from the west coast, which are known in the Paris restaurants as *huîtres de Ma-*

<sup>1</sup> From the *Daily Telegraph* (London Conservative daily), December 23, 24, and 28

rennes. The popularity of these oysters, which fetch a higher price than any others, has been traced back as far as the year 1703, when green oysters were a feature of a banquet given by the French Ambassador at The Hague. In England they have never been popular, the unsophisticated believing that the bright tint is due to copper—an erroneous contention, strengthened, however, by the fact that the blood of all oysters actually does contain minute traces of copper. Sir Ray Lankester, who in his time has been instrumental in unraveling so many intricate biological problems, made a special study some years ago of the green coloring matter in the Marennes oyster. He proved that the color, which was confined to the beard, as the gills are called in popular language, and to the labial margin, was not due to copper, but to the food of the oyster—a greenish-blue diatom, which lives in enormous numbers in the oyster parks at Marennes. Green oysters he found never to occur in the open sea, the color being acquired only in the 'parks,' where the animals are placed for fattening and greening. The oysters, on being removed from tanks containing the diatoms and placed in pure sea-water, soon lost all trace of their characteristic green tint.

The elongated foot-shaped Portuguese oyster, a native of the mouth of the Tagus River, is much eaten in France, and is occasionally imported into this country. It belongs to a species different from the native English, Dutch, or French oyster. In taste it is very inferior to the latter, having a saltier and coarser flavor. It derives its popularity from its cheapness, which in turn is due to its being hardier and more prolific than its more northern cousin. Its introduction into France was due to a fortunate mishap, a cargo of these oysters from Lisbon being wrecked at

the mouth of the Garonne. The shipwrecked oysters survived the adventure, and in the course of time gave rise to banks exactly similar to those that have always existed at the mouth of the Tagus. Arcachon, the seat of France's largest Portuguese oyster park, covers an area of ten thousand acres.

The breeding habits of this oyster differ from those of our native species, which is continually changing sex, as each individual Portuguese oyster remains either male or female for the whole of its life, and consequently does not bear both egg and sperm cells and propagate itself as does its more delicate relative. It is during the summer months that the oyster becomes what is technically known as 'sick,' when the eggs, from one million to two million in number, are hatched.

At birth the mollusk is represented by a gelatinous mass encased between two transparent shells, from between the gaps of which protrude innumerable rows of hairs, which incessantly lash the water with great fury and carry the infant oyster along the surface upon a perilous journey. Should he survive for forty-eight hours the attacks of such enemies as the larvae of fish, crustaceans, and jellyfish, he will proceed to sink to the ocean floor, to which he will cement himself. As he grows he will add layer upon layer of oyster cement to the outer edge of his shell. He will increase at the rate of about half an inch in diameter for the first four or five years of his life, when he may be regarded as grown-up and ready for fattening. In order to afford the young oyster a good start in life the oyster farmer carefully chooses a site for him to grow up upon, and usually places him on a bed of tiles. It is not to be imagined that it is only the youngster that is beset by enemies, for the adult mollusk is attacked by starfish, sea urchins, crabs and octopuses,

whelks, boring sponges, and other creatures that regard him as a delicacy.

In the olden days a typhoid scare from time to time threatened to ruin the oyster trade. As a matter of fact, the typhoid germ occurs only in oysters that have not been in pure sea-water after removal from the more or less stagnant water of the parks. At the present day there is little fear of typhoid infection from oysters, as the fattened oyster is almost invariably subjected to a week's purification before being sent to market. It has been affirmed, probably with truth, that the Philistine practice of saturating an oyster with vinegar before devouring it arose from the belief that the acrid, taste-destroying fluid would kill any noxious germs.

All countries can produce records demonstrating the fondness of their great men for oysters. Callisthenes, the philosopher, was an enthusiastic oyster-eater, as was also Caligula, the Roman tyrant, and Cicero, who has been described as nourishing his eloquence with the dainty. In later days Louis XI of France feasted the learned doctors and professors of the Sorbonne once a year on oysters, lest their scholarship should become deficient. Napoleon was very partial to the bivalve, as was Marshal Turgot, who would eat a hundred before breakfast, just to whet his appetite. Diderot, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Robespierre in France, and Pope and Dean Swift in this country, to name only a few celebrities, were all great oyster-consumers who never went a day, when the mollusk was in season, without eating several dozen.

Owing to the present-day almost prohibitive price of the oyster, the few existing oyster saloons are not in the flourishing condition that they were a hundred years ago, when they abounded in all the principal streets of

London and other big cities. An oyster enthusiast living in those days has described the traffic in the following inspiring words: 'Oysters, pickled, stewed, baked, roasted, fried, and scolloped; oysters made into soups, patties, and puddings; oysters with condiments and without condiments; oysters for breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper; oysters without stint or limit — fresh as the pure air and almost as abundant, are daily offered to our palates, and appreciated with all the gratitude which such a bounty of Nature ought to inspire.'

The edible snail is seldom eaten in this country, except by the man with a specially cultured palate, although a dish of *escargots* is rightly regarded in most Continental countries as almost as great a delicacy as a dish of oysters.

The serving of *escargots* in the best Paris restaurants has been developed into a fine art, and the care spent on this one dish is justified by the demand. In 1925 over fifty million snails were consumed in France. Every first-class French restaurant has its special 'snail waiter,' and this functionary not only superintends the necessary cleansing of the snails, their replacement, — each in its proper shell, — and their attendant sauces, but is ready to answer any question regarding their culture and general history.

For the benefit of adventurous readers it may be mentioned that snails are quite easily cooked. They should first be left to clean for at least eight hours in a strong salt solution. Having been boiled for five minutes, they should be removed from their shells and then stewed in wine or fried in butter. A garlic sauce is a recognized accompaniment — at least, on the Continent.

The edible snail is fairly abundant on many of our chalk hills, and might be farmed in this country as easily as it

is abroad. In France the snails are kept in 'chicken runs,' where they are fed mainly on lettuce and mulberry leaves. Jerusalem artichokes are often grown in the enclosure, and serve the double purpose of supplying the snails with the necessary shade and the farmer with a useful root crop. The snail is an enormous eater during the spring and summer months, when he will attempt to tackle any vegetable substance—even straw. By the middle of the autumn he has grown fat, and, having excavated a hollow large enough to contain his house, he lines the cavity with a snaily mortar. Having retreated into his house, he then proceeds to seal up the front door with the same material, 'and so to bed' for a third of the year, immune to the outer world and all its worries.

Mating results in a cluster of a hundred or more small golden eggs, which within a month hatch out miniature replicas of the parents, provided with minute transparent shells. Almost from birth the snail pours forth a secretion composed of lime and mucus, which is placed layer upon layer on the tip of the shell. Thus the snail's house grows continually. This same mortar is used to repair any damages sustained. The mollusk's chief enemy is the thrush, who knocks his house to pieces upon some stone convenient for the purpose.

The ancient Romans, credited with introducing the edible snail into England, bred their snails in large structures which they called *coclearea*, and the mollusks were fed upon a mixture of meal and white wine, which induced a marked rotundity. The first snail farmer on record started a snail farm at Tarquinii in 50 B.C. on more or less scientific principles, classifying his charges according to their breed and build. He kept the various breeds segregated in 'runs,' and employed

slaves to head off stragglers from their allotted pens. The classic poets were all loud in their praise of a dish of snails, although it must be admitted that their enthusiasm for the mollusk was due primarily to its capacity for inciting the diner to drink deeply.

The quotation from Hamlet,

The play . . . pleased not the million; 't was caviare to the general,

proves that caviar, the name given to the roe of a species of sturgeon, was a popular delicacy in England as long ago as the sixteenth century. Although regarded in most countries as a costly luxury, in certain parts of Russia it forms the staple food-supply of the poorer classes. Many species of sturgeon occur in the tidal rivers of Eastern Europe, but the best caviar is obtained from one inhabiting the Volga. The fish are captured when ascending the river, at the mouth of which thousands of men, women, and children assemble, and upon notice from the 'lookout' men hail the arrival of the sturgeon with mystic chants and prayers. The sturgeon are attacked with spears and nets, and offer practically no resistance. Once landed, the enormous roes are extracted and strained through a sieve. The best caviar is kept on ice, but the greater quantity is salted and packed in barrels.

The sturgeon is a royal fish, and all those caught ascending the rivers in this country are by an Act dating back to Edward II's reign the property of the Crown. The fish's name is derived from the German *stören*, to rake up, to poke or stir, which aptly describes the creature's habit of stirring the ground with its long-whiskered snout when in search of food.

The best pâté de foie gras, so beloved of the gourmet, is obtained as a result of the enforced overindulgence of geese. For many centuries the inhabitants of

the neighborhood of Strasbourg, the centre of the pâté industry, have prided themselves on the figures of both their womenfolk and their geese. Their geese, like their women, were in the old days encouraged to reach large proportions, but in the case of the unfortunate birds the result was obtained by nailing the living animals to boards and cramming them with rich food and wines. As a result of the enforced orgy, the liver of the goose under treatment attained within a few months five times the weight of that of a normal bird. A comparatively humane method was later introduced, the geese, kept in a confined area, being forcibly fed by special cramming machines.

The enlightened schoolboy of the present day no longer believes, as did the schoolboy of a generation ago, that Frenchmen live almost entirely upon frogs. And yet the consumption of frogs' legs in France is greater than it was in pre-war days. The common brown frog is often brought to the Paris market, but is not as much appreciated as the more aquatic green edible frog which in England occurs only in certain parts of Cambridgeshire and Norfolk. The British edible frogs are not of the same race as those inhabiting France, but agree with a North Italian variety, and it has therefore been suggested that they are not indigenous to this country, but were originally introduced by Italian monks.

In Italy and Switzerland, as well as in France, a large number of people earn a living by frog-fishing. The fishermen sally forth at night, each armed with a powerful lamp and a rod, to the end of which is attached a piece of red cloth. The frogs are first attracted by the light, and then by the piece of cloth, which is dropped on the surface of the water. The red material suggests some dainty morsel, and is greedily swallowed. Before the frog

has had time to realize its mistake it is hoisted on land, captured, and placed in a basket destined for market.

In the Paris price lists frogs appear under two categories — *grenouilles de pêche* and *grenouilles de parc*. The latter are received from the Department of Vendée, where thousands of acres of marshland have been drained and parallel ditches miles long have been dug. The sale of frogs in Paris alone amounts to about ten thousand pounds per annum.

Turtle soup is, of course, the soup par excellence. The turtle is coupled in the minds of most of us with aldermanic banquets, and has become almost a symbol of the City of London. The soup is in season all the year round, although naturally the demand is greatest during the colder months. The turtle from which it is made is the so-called green turtle, which is imported from all the semitropical and tropical seas, especially from the coast of Ascension Island, the laying ground of the finest specimens. The flesh of the limbs, and the muscles adhering to the shell, are cut into strips and sun-dried until they have the appearance of very coarse parchment, and in this state fetch about sixteen shillings a pound in the market. Turtles are mixed feeders, and will eat fish, crabs, and seaweed. They have no teeth, but the razor-edged jaws can snap a broom-handle in two, and many an employee of a turtle-soup factory has parted with one or more fingers.

Although helpless enough on land, visitors to the Zoo aquarium will endorse the statement that the turtle is grace personified afloat, the movement of its flippers when 'flying' through the water suggesting the wing actions of a bird of prey.

The lady turtle comes to land only now and again in order to lay her eggs, — five hundred or more, — which she

cunningly conceals in the sand. The eggs resemble ping-pong balls in size and shape, and being only partly calcareous will bounce if dropped. The turtle hunters lie in wait for the creatures at night and intercept them on their return to the sea, turning them over on their backs, in which ungainly position they are shipped to this country. The best way of keeping a turtle alive for any length of time out of water is to put it on its back, the reason being that the under shell of the reptile is soft and pliant, and were the whole of its weight — three hundredweight or more — imposed upon it for long the internal organs would suffer compression and death would speedily ensue. Hence from the point of view of the shipper a turtle that has been 'turned turtle' is right side up.

The hidden eggs, if left alone, are hatched by the heat of the sun in from three to four months. The infant turtles at once make for the sea — running the gauntlet of monkeys, raccoons, giant crabs, and various kinds of sea birds. The survivors safely launched are faced with yet more foes — fish, the 'Portuguese man-of-war,' squids, and so forth. Probably less than one per cent of the turtles actually hatched survive to reach maturity.

A certain number of turtles are caught in mid-ocean by harpooning, or by one of two other methods. In the West Indies it is customary for skilled Negro fishermen to plunge overboard and grapple with the turtle as it lies basking on the surface of the water. The other method involves the use of a curious fish called the remora. This fish has a powerful sucking disc upon its head, by means of which it affixes itself to sharks, turtles, and ships, with the object of saving itself the labor of swimming. The remora, leashed by a long line to its tail, is put over the

side in a locality known to be frequented by turtles. It very soon attaches itself to one by its large sucking disc, and then the fish with the turtle attached to the former's head is hauled aboard.

The Americanizing of London has in recent years been a slow if sure process. The introduction of 'clam chowder' — a savory mess of clam, onion, and spices — is one of the directions in which it has been welcome, and before long we may hope to see that delectable soup, which at the present time can be obtained only at a few of the most palatial hotels, in general demand. During the summer season over five thousand clams are eaten daily by Americans, and these are mostly brought over from Paris by air. They come from Brittany, where they are collected by the simple process of wading in the sea and searching for the shells, buried in the sand, with the bare toes.

Bird's-nest soup is to be obtained in several Oriental restaurants in London and Paris, but is an expensive luxury. The nests, each measuring about four inches in diameter, are the work of a species of swift, common throughout Southern China and the Malay region. They are composed chiefly of the birds' saliva, and are attached to the face of a rock. Inaccessible precipices and the steep sides of caverns being favorite nesting sites, the difficulty and danger involved in gathering the nests are chiefly responsible for their very high price. The nests, having been cleaned, are dried, and soaked in water, when they resolve themselves into a gelatinous mass. This, when boiled and spiced, forms a soup at once nourishing and stimulating to the sensuous Oriental diner, whose fondness for dishes of a glutinous nature has its origin in a belief in the vigor-promoting nature of such foods.

## THE TRUTH ABOUT ALBANIA<sup>1</sup>

BY DOCTOR LADISLAS RUBIN

[THE author of this article was Burgo master of Tirana during the World War, and a member of the Austro-Hungarian Staff.]

ALBANIA came under the Turkish yoke at about the same time as Hungary, but it has only been released from it since a bare fifteen years ago. Austria put the country under Hungarian tutelage when the Turkish Empire narrowed its boundaries. It was a profitable protectorate, since it included control of the Government administration and the currency. To-day, with its four hundred years of servitude behind it, Albania is in a helpless position, for all its new-won independence, and it is still looking for a protector, to whom will be given the financial and governmental control that such a protector naturally demands.

When the Turks withdrew, Albania was not a State at all; it was simply an ethnographic group inhabiting certain swamps and mountains. Between the cloud-capped hills and the peaceful lowlands there was no means of communication, and, though it is no great distance from Scutari to Tirana, it took five days along mule paths and over fords to make the journey. When Tirana merchants wanted to do business with Scutari they would send their goods by sea via Constantinople. I found no workshop in the whole country where more than five hands were employed.

<sup>1</sup> From *Pester Lloyd* (Budapest German-Hungarian daily), December 23

The castles of the landowners and the huts of the peasants recalled Homeric times. The primitive tribes fought bloody feuds, and lived chiefly on milk and mutton. This was the type of country that found itself crushed by the diplomacy and armed forces of ruthless, rapacious Powers. It was forced to adopt some kind of foreign policy.

Essad Pasha, Commandant at Scutari and a former general of the Sultan's, was the most hard-headed man in the nation when the first Balkan War broke out. Under the bastions of an impregnable town at the foot of Mount Tarabosch, Serbian and Montenegrin troops were being slaughtered when Essad, the Albanian, threw off his red fez, the official emblem of Turkey, and put in its place a white fez, the national emblem of Albania. He then surrendered the fortress without further resistance, turned his back on Catholic Scutari, and set forth for Tirana. Here, on the wide plains of Tirana and Elbassan, he founded an independent Mohammedan State with a homogeneous population of four hundred thousand souls, who lived apart and isolated from their Catholic and Orthodox neighbors. This was the first gesture of independent Albania toward the outside world, and all international developments that have followed and are still to come are based on this fact — that economically and culturally Albania lies within the boundaries of this little original State.

Little Albania pleased the majority

of Serbians, who wanted some kind of harbor near their own port of San Giovanni di Medua, which, in spite of its beautiful name, was nothing but a malaria-infested group of some eight or ten houses. It pleased Bulgaria, which was then pushing its way down through the Macedonian mountains, and it pleased Italy, which had just had the pleasure of setting foot in Valona. Austria-Hungary alone was disgruntled, for Valona is the key to the Adriatic, and Vienna diplomacy had decided that Albania must be larger, although the Albanians themselves did not wish it to be. Europe therefore created the nation of Greater Albania instead of Essad Pasha's little country. This new country ran from Scutari to Valona; it was divided against itself, not only by barriers of mountains and rivers, but by hatreds, running back for centuries, between Catholic, Orthodox, and Mohammedan Albanians, who, though they were all real Albanians, spoke different languages and needed an interpreter to understand each other.

Since that time Albania has been divided into two parts — the naturally solidified Mohammedan Albania, with its inhabitants of homogeneous religion, culture, and spirit; and the Albania artificially constructed by diplomacy. In the course of the last fifteen years Little Albania has grown into a unified nation situated on the lowlands along the coast. It is true that fifteen different Governments have held office in this short time, but they have all had their headquarters at Tirana, and they have all devoted themselves to civilizing this valuable district and to protecting themselves against the Albanians dwelling in the mountains. Little Albania is bounded on three sides by a girdle of mountains, and it is dead set against the other Albanians, living in the hills, who want

to wrest their neighbors' rich valleys from them by force. Mountain and plain — these two worlds and their inhabitants are at odds. Here is the crux of the whole policy of the new Albania with its warring inhabitants and extended frontiers.

Here, in the last fifteen years, a nation has risen before our eyes; and here too one of the most interesting scenes in the World War was enacted. The nation of Albania is the result of a strategic necessity that presented itself to the Austro-Hungarian armies.

The batteries of these armies had to reach Valona, which was the Balkan front of the Entente Powers. We therefore had to build a railway between Scutari and Valona, and this road is the result of the tremendous burst of energy that the war unloosed in us all. For two years Hungarian reserve troops and Czech sappers and Russian and Italian prisoners were forced to work here, together with Albanian peasants and laborers from every corner of the Balkans. To the right and left of this strategic railway is a cemetery where lie buried tens of thousands of victims to this great undertaking. The exhausting and difficult work, together with malaria, took its toll as much as the bloody battles of the war itself. This strategic railway we have now turned over, free of charge, to the Albanians, and it will be the basis of national reorganization. People are beginning to leave their native towns and villages, and the few educated Albanians who used to go to foreign universities are trying the experiment of coming back and rebuilding the country with fresh strength. Schools for the people are being opened, and there is hope that a more advanced institution may be opened in Tirana. Eight years have passed since the armies left Albania, and the following incident shows how much the country

has progressed in that time. Eight years ago I began trying to establish a small hospital in Tirana. The Albanians did everything in their power to make the realization of my plan difficult. At last, however, it was completed, and the local Albanian doctor, who was also a hardware dealer, crossed the threshold only with the gravest misgivings. Last winter in Paris I met an Albanian employed as a surgeon in the new modern hospital at Tirana, which has room for two hundred patients. This man had been sent by the Albanian Government to spend a year in Paris increasing his knowledge.

Little Albania will come along all right, but money and organization are necessary. The inhabitants of the plain must hold in check the wild mountaineers who used to be the best troops in the Sultan's army. The attacks from the mountains upon the plains have invariably been victorious, and every Albanian revolution that wants to succeed is organized in the hills and sweeps down on the plain, the real heart of the country. Achmed Zogu is to-day the lord of Tirana, but he came down from the mountains like all the rest. The descendant of a noble line, he wore the Imperial Austrian uniform during the occupation of his country, and dwelt on his estate. For twenty-five years he was an officer in the army, and unceasingly hated the Italians, with whom he has now made friends. His predecessor and opponent, Bajram Tschuri, also lived in the mountains, and supplied our troops with cattle. Once when he was driving his animals down from the hills into the low country he was taken in custody by a patrol because he had no passport, and was brought before me.

'Where is your pass?' I asked.

He drew out his cigarette case and shoved it under my nose, laughing.

'Here is my pass,' he replied, handing me the case.

These words were engraved on the inside: 'Given as memento to my friend Bajram Tschuri, from Trollmann, royal and imperial General, Commander of the Army in Albania.'

He, too, was undoubtedly pro-Austrian.

And now?

Two years have passed since Achmed Zogu came down from the hills, backed by Serbia, and overthrew Bajram Tschuri's party and the militant bishop Fan Nolli, who resembles the old fighting churchmen of the Middle Ages. The rebellious mountaineers were as usual successful, and they took over the reins, determined to reorganize Little Albania on a sound basis. They opened a Senate and a lower House, and initiated a realistic foreign policy, appointing as Minister to Angora Rauf Fico, who has often been this writer's guest in Budapest. Hence Albania's foreign policy is based entirely on her relations with Turkey.

New developments promptly ensued. Albania is not interested in Italy's and Yugoslavia's Adriatic rivalry—it does not care who controls that body of water. Albania does not own a single battleship, and her sea trade is insignificant. Only a few Albanian vessels float in Adriatic waters.

When Albania turned toward Italy she had good reason for doing so. The organization of Albania cost money, a lot of money; but an army costs a great deal more, and an army is necessary to protect the inhabitants of the plain from the attacks of mountaineers. Just now things are comparatively quiet, but the hill-dwellers still inspire fear, and Italy showed herself even more willing to coöperate than Yugoslavia. The conservative Tirana Government adopted a pro-Italian policy simply because the wel-

fare of the country depends entirely on land reforms. The Albanian people, who live on their crops of corn, to-day demand that Zogu lead them on the right path, now that their patriotic enthusiasm has at least temporarily died down. But mountains tower between them and the Serbian frontier, and no one can tell when the inhabitants of these mountains will march upon Tirana with nationalistic slogans and demands for land reform on their banners.

Albanian troubles have hitherto been due to internal dissensions. The victorious leader of the Revolution

was received with open arms by Zuber Hallali Effendi, the richest merchant in Tirana. He was given the keys of the city, and people begged him to bring them peace. Peace came, but at a high price, for the leaders of the previous régime were strung up on cypress trees, since dead men tell no tales.

#### What next?

Perhaps, on the plateaus where the armies of Pompey once fought, modern troops will come to grips. The Albanian question is not solved, and Albania remains the open wound of the Balkans.

## HOME

BY LIAM P. CLANCY

[*Spectator*]

A WHITE road winding a green land through—  
Here a scent o' primrose, there a stretch o' blue;  
A gold gorse burning on a tall hill-crest:  
These will I be seeking when I turn me West.

A gray mist lifting at a pale dawn's break,  
A low wind crooning round a reed-rimmed lake,  
A sea gull crying o'er the ocean's breast:  
These will I be finding when I turn me West.

A brown thrush singing on a wild rose spray,  
A daft stream dancing down a wind-swept brae,  
A blackbird calling through an autumn gloam:  
These will I be hearing when I turn me home.

## A VISIT TO MAX<sup>1</sup>

BY A. S. FRERE-REEVES

EACH time I find myself in Italy I go to see Max — or rather, I go and do not see him; for always when I get to his gate, along the blinding white road out of Rapallo, with the agaves and olive trees all dusty, and the shining sea down at the bottom curling round rocks, I have not the courage to go in. There stands the little house, set back high along the road, and inside it, I say to myself, as I pad along below in the dust and stare up at it wistful as a thirsty dog, sits Max, still sits Max, as he has sat ever since I was here last — withdrawn, serene, urbane, and completely and most beautifully unspotted by the world. I have only to ring the bell, and I shall see him, I say to myself, for I am sure he would not refuse, I am convinced he is the kindest of men. And I do not ring the bell; I never have rung the bell; because I have not the courage.

Besides, each time I have been there, the house has been so very sound asleep. Not a sign of life have I seen — not the slightest sound or flutter of it, not the bark of a dog, not the murmur of a voice; in spite of the fact, with which I am acquainted, that he has a wife. I know he has a wife, and she surely must sometimes talk; and I opine he has a servant, who also surely must sometimes move from one point to another; and I cannot believe he has not a dog, if only to warn him of the approach of such persons as myself. But sleep, profound and noiseless, has

each time wrapped the house and garden, and it would have needed courage amounting to effrontery to disturb that deep repose. So back each time I have gone again to Rapallo, and had tea in a hotel while waiting for the next train to somewhere else, a frustrated young man, one of a handful of dim figures scattered about a vast bamboo wilderness, drooping over their separate trays, their mouthfuls watched by terribly attentive waiters, and page boys, and a hall porter; and I have thought: 'All this I suffer for Max. For him I expensively break journeys, and sit drooping in cane chairs. For him I become one of a band of sad guests, than whom nothing more listless, more aimless, more apparently without hope, can be imagined.'

On a hot October afternoon, indistinguishable from a July afternoon in England, I found myself once more walking up the road to his house. But this time I walked with assurance, with purpose and significance in every step, and stopped at, instead of diffidently passing, his house, and boldly rang the bell at the gate; for I had been sent to give him a business letter of sufficient importance for me to have received instructions to deliver it in person. And with what excitement, with what gusto, did I carry out my mission. I rang the bell, and instantly there was a tremendous barking, which all, as I saw on opening the gate, came out of one dog. The house woke up with a jump; windows were opened; a servant came hurrying down. Max himself,

<sup>1</sup> From the *Saturday Review* (London Tory weekly), December 25

who had begun by shutting the hall door,—I saw him anxiously taking cover,—came out too, being humane, on hearing how well I could not speak Italian, and there I was at last, face to face with him.

He was all courtesy; and also, once he saw he was fairly in for it and that there was no escape, all welcome. He bowed his head in acquiescence. He took the letter with an exquisite docility, put it in his pocket without looking at it, and invited me in.

We arrived on the terrace, and he took me into the little room standing all by itself on it, that room from which delight goes forth to the world. An austere little room, two sides of it windows, and a single shelf of books running round the other two sides. There was a table in the middle, and another, breast-high, against the wall. The walls were blue — the color of the sea, but intensified; the color it may be on some glowing day of deep summer. The books . . .

'Will you sit down?' said Max, indicating, with that air of youthful diffidence, that effect of cherubic modesty, of untouchedness, of something white, and fresh, and clean, like a choir boy on Easter morning, which I discovered was yet another of his many charms, a chair. I sat down. 'My servant,' said Max, sitting down too, 'my real, proper servant, has fallen down and very much hurt herself. The one you saw would bring tea not worth offering you, but what she *can* bring is biscuits, and the last bottle in the cellar of a wine I can really recommend.' He went out and called the servant, and said some soft Italian words to her. Then, coming back, he gave me an Italian cigarette, the strongest thing in cigarettes I have ever smoked, and began, for what reason I have forgotten, to talk urbanely of mosquitoes. 'Genoa,' he said — 'I

suppose you have come from Genoa? — has lots of noise, which is its drawback, but no mosquitoes, which is its blessing. Even in the height of summer it has none. The coast on either side bristles with them, but Genoa remains free. People leave Genoa to get away from the noise, and go back to it to get away from the mosquitoes. One gets tired at last of scratching.'

When Max chuckles, which is often, for he has all the innocent happiness of disposition of the good, his whole body shakes and ripples, and his face wrinkles and twinkles. He studied me indulgently from behind a fleck of black eyelashes. He saw, of course, that here was a whole-hearted worshiper; and even if I had not been one, he still, once I was within his gates, would have been gentle with me, and kind.

The substitute servant brought in a bottle and glasses, and we began to sip what seemed to me ambrosia. I do not drink much wine as a rule, for I do not carry it very well, but I drank this wine. It was like melted flowers. It appeared far too delicate to go to even the weakest head, and I sipped it with confidence. Max plied me. I sipped it with increasing confidence. The confidence spread all over my body. I had been happy before, but afraid. Now I was just happy. 'Tell me about London,' he said. 'What are they doing there? I get so out of touch.' I told him about London. I told him all I could think of about London, helped astonishingly, even to myself, who listened as one apart to my loosened tongue wagging, by the wine.

Max listened, and smiled, and sometimes gurgled into laughter. 'When I lived in London,' he said, when he had listened enough, 'I thought I must have gypsy blood in my veins, so much did I want to travel and never be chained to one place. I was filled with a longing

to move, blown out by the wind of *Wanderlust*. And I wandered at last, but only as far as this place, for when I got to it I found it was not travel I wanted, it was not *Wanderlust* I had, but just to be out of London and stay where I found myself, which was here.'

He looked round, over his shoulder, through the open door. I looked, too, at what he was looking at — the sea, the sky, the sun, and across the bay the lovely little headland, flung out on to the water like a little chain of emeralds, its three green hills shining in the afternoon light. Color, warmth, peace — all that, and health. Happy Max. Possessor of perfect wisdom. For he not only knew the wise thing to do, which is, always, as even I have begun to see, to get away, to withdraw, to fly, as Matthew Arnold urges, 'Fly their greetings, fly their speech and smiles,' but, unlike others who know it, he did it.

I went on telling him about London, and the wine made me describe Regent Street, and how it had now become a dumpy, twisted sort of Fifth Avenue; and Max nodded indulgently, and said that a lot of London's friendliness had disappeared with its dinginess. I told him of the demolished Devonshire House, and of shops and flats where once were dukes; of Mr. Selfridge, holding the residential outpost of Berkeley Square; and of what an excellent site Lansdowne House would make for a new branch of Selfridge's, with a restaurant and tearoom in the garden; and Max nodded indulgently, and said that Mr. Selfridge and Lord Northcliffe seemed to be the only persons worth a good word to Wells in *The World of William Clissold*. He had been given the first volume of *Clissold*, he said, as a birthday present which was to stretch over three months, and he wondered whether one wrote one's thanks three times, as each successive

volume arrived. 'Wells,' he said, 'fascinates. One looks with a dreadful eagerness for the next volume. One is rushed along headlong on the wings of his prophecies. Terrible not to be able not to prophesy.' And he gurgled again with laughter, and plied me with more wine, and I heard myself saying something about Shaw. Max said Shaw was a marvelous piece of construction — efficient, rigid, unassailable, like steel girders. One could be hard and cold, said Max, and yet be a supreme artist — like A. E. Housman, petrified by the idea of death and destruction, and yet going straight ahead with an absolute perfection of poetic form.

I said — the wine brought it back to my mind — that a journalist had run Housman to earth in his donnery, and extracted a confession that he had never been to Shropshire; and Max laughed and gurgled and wondered whether Housman had got his topography from Bradshaw, or from a map. I then said that I had been reading Osbert Sitwell's novel, *Before the Bombardment*, and Max said, 'Oh, yes — he sent it to me. A foolish critic pretended with solemnity that it had got him nowhere. Where did he want it to get him? The book is a pretty piece of baroque art — conceit piled on conceit. I enjoyed it.' Not able to go all the way with Max when it came to the Sitwells, — able, indeed, to go hardly any of it with him, — I quoted certain passages of Osbert's novel from the point of view of disparagement, and Max agreed that they were cheap. 'Also,' he said, 'I never fail to be shocked at drunkenness in a woman.' 'It's terrible,' I said, shaking my head solemnly, and gripping my glass.

'And the old lady,' said Max, 'getting drunk and throwing her clothes into the street in front of the doctor did n't seem to me funny. Perhaps I

am old-fashioned.' Old-fashioned? Max? I assured him, with all the earnestness of wine, that, like the figures on Keats's 'Grecian Urn,' he would certainly remain for ever panting and for ever young; and he gurgled, and said that his panting days, anyhow, were past; and I, returning to the Sitwells, said I was tired of their onslaughts on Victorian old ladies, and that one would have thought that our generation — Max bowed smilingly at this inclusion of him in my generation — had milked them dry by now; and Max twinkled and said, 'Picture of Osbert, bearing two pails foaming full of Victorian milk.' He would not, however, listen to the further criticism I felt well disposed to make of the Sitwells, and declared that Sacheverell's book on baroque art was a masterpiece, and that he, personally, felt nothing but friendliness and affection even for the apes that swing with such persistence through Edith's poems.

Then, unexpectedly, and with an odd sudden solemnity, he lifted his glass and drank my health. Was this the benediction? Was this the dismissal? And I had not yet seen, except out of the corners of my eyes, the precious books behind me on the shelf, and had only just managed to be aware of a copy of George Moore's *Memoirs of My Dead Life*, in a rich purple cover with a white plaque on it of the George Moore that Max thought he must have looked like, I imagine, when he was in the thick of the life which afterward became dead; a copy of the *Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson* and of Queen Victoria's *Letters from the Highlands* — dealt with also, of

course, I felt sure, by Max, or they would not be there; besides other treasures I was not able, sitting in the position he had put me in, to take in.

But twilight was already upon us, the quick twilight of October, surprising after the hot July day, and the sun was down behind the little headland across the bay. Also the bottle was empty. 'It has been a great honor,' I said, getting up slowly and reluctantly. 'For years and years I have —' Max took my arm. 'This is the least difficult way out,' he said, leading me through the house, and indicating, as we passed them, frescoes of his contemporaries that he had done by way of decoration for the hall. 'The easiest things I could think of on the top of a ladder,' he said, still holding my arm firmly.

The last I saw of him was standing framed in his doorway in the dusk. Again that effect of innocence, of being unspotted. 'I can never tell you —' I began once more. 'I've been very glad to see you,' he interrupted, smiling kindly, 'and am sorry my wife has n't come back yet. Perhaps another time —'

And Max smiled again, and raised his hand in a gesture of blessing, and also of dismissal — the gesture of one who, though patient and kind, yet thinks it time one went; and I turned and walked very carefully down the path, because, out there in the air, somehow that wine which had seemed like flowers, which had seemed like all things harmless and pure, like, really, water, except that it was full of heavenly tastes, made my feet try to behave a little independently.

## A GOOSELESS PANTAGRUEL<sup>1</sup>

### A TALE OF THE RICE PROVINCES

BY PERCY A. HILL

A PRODUCT of the English boarding schools, he had been pitchforked into the British merchant service during the trying period of the Great War, when everybody counted. Naturally, with the end of the war he had nothing in prospect in British shipping but a series of disappointing dismissals. He bore the handicap of weak vision, helped out by the mentality of early adolescence. Thus weighted by a cruel fate, he was thrown upon the world to subsist himself as best he could.

When I say subsist, I mean just that. His life was predicated upon the verb *to eat*. As love is woman's whole existence, according to the poet, eating was his. In this capacity he was ninety-nine per cent efficient. Some five foot six, with noncommittal hair, peering blue eyes behind thick black lenses, shoes betraying his sockless condition, he possessed an alimentary vacuum that seemed profound. Strangest of all, seeing that he was English, he had an unconquerable dislike for soap and water. And with this aversion he came to the Philippines, to the subtropics, paradoxically, where all Englishmen are fairly wedded to a bar of soap and a bathtub — collapsible, if nothing better is to be had. These indeed are sign manuals of their nationality.

But he was an atavist, a throwback to the times of Henry and Elizabeth,

<sup>1</sup> From the *American Chamber of Commerce Journal* (Manila trade monthly), November

when one's person was no more immaculate than one's morals and the *bons mots* told in mixed company.

When hot weather came, a fireman's towel served all the purposes of a bath to him; and having done this, it sufficed him for dishcloth too. In his favor it may be said that he never gambled, which he would have had to do with his own money, and was not attracted by the lighter pleasures, nor by the fiery liquors of the country — if for these he had to pay.

He had, too, a fair amount of money saved for a rainy day, preferring to suffer rather than to spend. His landlady, a stocky Tagal perennially in need of money, rented him, when he came to live among us in Central Luzon, a *cogon* shack with gaping walls and leaky roof. She charged, of course, only a nominal sum; and as the place was so cheap he chose to live in it, and move his bed during showers, so as to escape involuntary baths, rather than pay for a better cottage.

But he was sorely tormented by this landlady. With the perversity of her sex, she became enamored of him, or possibly his wallet, and daily pointed out to him that two could live as cheaply as one; but he had mind enough to see that in such an arrangement he might count as nothing: as the Spaniards say, *un zero al izquierdo*, or a cipher to the left.

As I have said, the most noticeable

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thing about him was his appetite. It was Gargantuan and perpetual; doctors gave it up in despair. At table he would suddenly seize a roll, smother it liberally with ketchup, and devour it with gory smackings. When the victuals arrived, his performance would make a dyspeptic expire with envy. His eating was based upon the theory of direct action. He would fill his mouth with cabbage, crowd in a portion of pork as a lubricant, and ram the charge home with a cut of bread. Gulps of strong coffee would relieve any temporary jams in the gustatory traffic. A lady who knew her rural Philippines well and had for long never exhibited the least surprise at anything, seeing him dine, was compelled to lay aside her knife and fork and sit back and marvel at the performance.

He invariably helped himself first, and liberally, to everything within reach; he showed his appreciation of the cook by tilting his soup plate and audibly conquering the last drops; he attacked the beef as if he feared it had been waiting to waylay him, and did not hesitate to scoop up the gravy with his spoon. I have known people to come from miles around just to see him eat. But one session was enough to satisfy their curiosity; none ever cared for a second show.

After a meal that would hold most men to their chairs for hours, or bowl them over for a prolonged siesta, he would glance at the clock and rush out to put a dozen potatoes to bake in the oven. He believed in being prepared for emergencies. Gorge and surfeit as he would, indigestion never molested him. His appetite was competent to handle twenty-one meals a week, and extra meals on Sunday, besides such mincing as is involved in devouring three or four dozen bananas or a full basket of mangoes between meals—items too incidental to count. For a

time he discarded light reading and went to sleep nightly over the tempting pages of a popular cookbook. A man of his capacity, heading a relief movement for the starving Armenians, would have left them without a chance.

But life grew weary to him after all, and he took to pets. All these pets, however, were, so to speak, food on the hoof. Pigs were out of the question, though; they broke into his garden and ate the cabbages and onions.

Furthermore, the fattening of pigs in the Philippines is a problem that has troubled our local scientists for some years. Pigs of the town brand are picked up by the ears. If the head portion outweighs the other half, it is judged ready for the slaughter; and feed given in the hope of increasing its auroirdupois would be thrown away.

Instead of a pig he acquired a cock, and tethered it to his cot. This made the neighbors cross, for every time he turned in his sleep the cock would announce the dawn of a new day. Finally he acquired a goose, which became his prime favorite. I never found out where it came from, but he suddenly appeared one day holding it aloft in his arms and gloating over its possibilities for Christmas dinner. Knowing nothing of fowls, really, until they were cooked, he consulted the bureau of agriculture on the best method of fattening the goose. The bureau, of course, threw no very great light upon the subject, except to opine that it ought to be fed. I casually mentioned that the honest peasants of Strasbourg fatten their geese by compulsion, in cages, so as to concoct that expensive epicurean entrée, *pâté de foie gras*.

This was extremely interesting to him. He eagerly asked for details, which I gave him almost without thought of the consequences, being concerned at the time with other and more impor-

tant matters. But he accepted it all without question.

Arrived home, he at once backed the goose into a potato crate, salvaged from a Chinese store, and proceeded to lecture it on the art of becoming a perfect goose. Only perfect geese, he explained, get fat. He then gathered some *binlid*, or rice grits, some bran and suchlike odds and ends of animal diet, and filled a can with the mixture, well diluted with water. He then took his bicycle pump, rigged a piece of rubber hose to it, inserted the hose into the goose's gullet, and proceeded to feed it under compulsion as do the honest peasants of Strasbourg. The bird, of course, tried to object; but it is difficult to make an effective protest against anything with a piece of rubber hose down one's neck.

A week or two of this treatment began to have its effect, and the goose learned to welcome the mealtime ordeal. He would quack voraciously when his owner ascended the rickety ladder leading to his cage. No longer being free to stray by the grassy creek, he was forced to fatten in spite of a nature that allows such bipeds, in the Philippines, to attain only a stringy and unappetizing leanness.

His owner, I suppose, consumed him a dozen times or more, in anticipation. His mouth watered at the thought of the goose's succulent weight of fat and tender muscle. And Christmas came and passed, and still the goose fattened and was reprieved. New Year also came and passed; the goose was still too dear to make an edible holiday. Weighing it had become the man's prime indoor sport. He tinkered with various contraptions to cook it in, and priced the various stuffings he planned to season it with; and the day of its demise was to be one of the red-letter days of his life. He wrote to friends about it; the goose became a noted object of the

little town, as each of his four or five hundred neighbors confidently expected to be invited to the well-advertised feast.

Meanwhile he indulged, as usual, in the pleasant occupation of stowing away liquid and solid refreshments regularly, which, except as his imagination grappled the goose, with him meant mere quantity and not quality.

On the strength of his ownership of the notorious goose, his hand was now sought in marriage once more, and more ardently than ever, by his devoted landlady, though this time for a maiden and not for her corpulent self. She was convinced that anyone who can live in the Philippines as this man was living, without work, must either be wealthy in his own right, have a host of kind relatives, or be a nobleman in disguise. She introduced to him a damsel with a bashful manner and furtive eyes; and he beamed upon this luscious creature over his spectacles, as he stroked the precious goose. He even shook hands with the blushing girl, and the landlady kept their hands clasped, as a means of showing, by the universal sign language, that he could have the maiden for the asking.

But no bargain was struck that day. Still the goose fattened, and still it was consumed in spirit, until at length came the fatal day when it should be eaten.

On this bright morning the man rose and went to the goose's crate with the matutinal offering, a can of mush, for its lusty tenant. But something was amiss — the goose did not greet him as usual, with outstretched neck and throaty cacklings of delight. There was something wrong. He hurriedly peered inside the crate, and tapped its sides impatiently, but no answer came to his summons. In despair he turned the crate over, and the truth came out — it had no feathered inmate; the goose was gone! Not even one feather was

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left to supply a clue; the goose had totally disappeared.

The neighbors and friends, and even the mayor and the sleepy village policemen, joined in the frantic search for the lost goose. But it was gone, and gone forever. The landlady and the damsel come a-wooing did, at last, discover some feathers, which they presented in triumph to the broken-hearted disciple of the honest peasants

of Strasbourg; but these feathers were of a different color, and, furthermore, they were chicken feathers. A sadness both pitiful and profound settled upon the man. This feeling, indeed, was shared by everyone not in the secret, and these knew how surely the goose would not return.

Lucullus would have no feast. Hatim Ta'i would not call supper. The job of fattening had been done too well.

## A CHEAP HOLIDAY IN JAPAN. II<sup>1</sup>

BY SODESKA

EVERY visitor to Nagasaki must visit Mogi (*g* hard as in 'give'; *Moji* is a different place a couple of hundred miles away). It lies across a moderately high hill — say, of a thousand feet — some four miles distant. We told our host of our intention, and he volunteered the information that if we hired a motor car to go it would cost us five yen for the single and eight yen for the double trip. But there were public motor cars, for which the charge was fifty sen each way. He rightly surmised that we had no ambition to spend eight yen for a journey that could be accomplished for one.

Then, with diffidence, he told us that the doctors had said that his son, five years old, should have sea bathing, and that if we did not object to his insignificant company he would come with us to Mogi. The boy was a well-behaved little chap, and Priscilla said we should be delighted to have him.

<sup>1</sup> From the *North China Herald* (Shanghai British weekly), November 6, 13

Behold us, then, ensconced in one of those ubiquitous and sumptuous vehicles with which Henry Ford besprinkles the globe. We started off with a full complement of six passengers, along a street not more than half the width of Honan Road. In places, where there was no telegraph pole usurping a foot of pavement, one pedestrian had room to stand on either side and let the car whiz past without having the buttons brushed off his coat. The chauffeur's name was Jehu, and when he missed one of the said telegraph poles by two inches he felt that he had given it an unnecessarily wide margin. We went up the hill at a fair speed, and came down and round several hairpin bends like a stone thrown from a catapult.

But it is a crime to motor down the Mogi side of the hill. One should walk down, and if he does he will walk slowly so as not to miss a minute's enjoyment. It is a beautiful road, shaded with tall trees and some of the largest and most graceful bamboos I have ever seen.

Lovely valleys open off at right angles, and there are glimpses of blue water stretching away across to Obama. We reached Mogi, and scrambled over the rocks till we found a patch of white sand, where we stripped and bathed. The boy, clasped in his father's arms, sat in the surf, blinking and gasping as the breakers broke over him. We then climbed the hill and came by a winding path to a little temple overlooking the bay, where we were able to buy biscuits and other modest refreshments, the whole costing about a yen. The view from the temple overlooking Mogi bay is one of the loveliest to be seen anywhere. Sunset was approaching, and the play of the colors of it on sea and hill would have delighted an artist's soul. We came home in the twilight to a good supper, and, as Pepys would say, 'so to bed.'

Our next excursion was to Michino, a place where is a famous radium spring, five miles by train from Nagasaki. Our host informed us that he had bathed in this spring eleven years ago, but had traveled much since then, and he feared that the tonic properties of the water had now evaporated. We felt sure that even radium would not protect one's health for more than eleven years, and were sympathetic toward his proposal that he should again accompany us, for his health's sake. He asked if he might be allowed to pay all the expenses of the trip, and we might refund him on our return. We agreed, and he took us in charge. First item, five sen each tram fare. Item number two, third-class tickets on the railway, thirteen sen each to Michino. The third-class carriages on the Japanese railways are spotlessly clean. The seats are cushioned, and they are quite as comfortable as the same class of carriage in England. The passengers were respectable people, neatly clothed, with only a few of the coolie class

among them. All were courteous, and again we noticed an absence of troublesome curiosity. We were no more stared at than if we had been Japanese fellow travelers.

The railway journey was through beautiful country — rice fields on the level ground, along which the rails were laid, with the grain ripening yellow. One thought of the words of the anthem, 'The valleys stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing, they laugh and sing.' Beyond the rice fields, at distances varying from one hundred yards to a mile, the hills rose up, covered with verdure and with streams rushing round their bases. Here and there farmsteads were perched on the hillside where a level spot offered land that might be cultivated. Nowhere was there evidence of poverty. The houses were neatly built and had a prosperous look. Michino is very pleasantly situated among the hills in a fertile valley. There is a garden which, like that in the Suwa temple, is on the summit of a hill. The way up led by a winding path through the trees to the summit. We sat and looked over the country — smiling valleys bounded by hills, rising to mountains, on four sides; a pleasant prospect to those accustomed to the flat plain around Shanghai. After a good rest we descended the hill and refreshed ourselves in a shop adjoining the radium-bath building. There we conversed in guidebook Japanese, in the absence of our host, with the woman in charge. Not until we were thoroughly graced did she come to our aid with the Japanese word which we could not find in our vocabulary. She had a fair knowledge of English, but was shy of using it, and encouraged us to talk Japanese, though I am sure she would have found our English easier to understand.

The bath had a public section for

which the charge was ten sen and private bathrooms for which fifty sen was the price. It was in charge of an ancient beldame who spoke sufficient English to inform us of the conditions and prices. Priscilla elected to have the luxury of a private room. Being of Spartan tastes, I said I would choose the public bath — a pool about ten feet square built in the floor of a room, with a continual stream of hot water flowing into it. There were no other occupants, and our host conveniently disappeared, leaving me in sole possession. I stripped, and was about to step in, when a teacher arrived with two schoolboys of nine or ten years of age to share the bath. I could think of no reason why I should be reluctant to share this bath with them, unless it was that of the lady who said she would not bathe in the same sea ‘as that odious Mrs. Smith.’ Still, I hesitated, chiding myself the while for my unreasonable attitude. Suddenly the old Cerberus from the door hustled in, unceremoniously gathered my clothes from the peg on which they were hanging, and motioned me to follow her to one of the private rooms. Pay or no pay, I was to have my bath in comfort. In the end I paid twenty sen, while Priscilla for the same style of room paid fifty.

On the return journey we alighted from the train two stations up the line, our host, who was financing the trip, informing us that this was the city tram terminus. We could take the tram from here for the same sum of five sen as it would cost from Nagasaki station, and we should save two sen on the transaction. Hence our railway tickets cost us eleven sen on the return journey — he rightly divining that this was to be a cheap holiday for us.

After supper we visited a cinema, where we saw one foreign and one Japanese play. The cinema opened its

doors at six o’clock, and showed various plays until 11.30. We went about nine, thinking that would be entertainment enough for us after our long day at Michino. The foreign play was an American comedy of the usual rollicking sort, and was much enjoyed by the audience. The Japanese show was of much more interest to us. It was excellently acted, and we could almost follow the story. We gathered a general idea of what it was about, and this was corrected and elaborated by our host after we got home. We paid eighty sen for our tickets, and were accommodated with chairs set against the wall, where our tall posture would not interfere with the view of the rest of the audience, which comfortably squatted on mats.

The theatre was well built and spacious. It was filled to the doors with an audience, quite a large part of which was *en famille*. We were the only foreigners present, but no one paid attention to us — we came and went just as freely and, apparently, unnoticed as though we had been in a cinema in London. Home by midnight, thoroughly tired after our experiences; and the evening and the morning were another day.

‘Mr. Ino,’ said Priscilla one morning, ‘I wish you would hire one of those sampans which lie moored all day in the creek, to take us for a sail down the bay.’

‘That plan not good,’ replied our host. ‘A sampan does not like to go far, and he charge you a lot of money — three yen, perhaps more, for half a day.’

‘But I want to see some of the little villages we passed on the way coming up in the steamer,’ said Priscilla. ‘How can we manage that?’

‘That,’ said Mr. Ino, ‘is very easy.’ There are many launches that sail to all those places. You go to the jetty

and take a ticket for any place, and the small steamer will take you there very cheap.'

'John,' said Priscilla, 'let us buy a ticket and go anywhere in a launch.' We went off cheerfully on this promising adventure, and soon found ourselves at the jetty, where several little steamers lay collecting passengers for anywhere down the bay. Our plan was to go aboard the steamer and pay whatever the fare might be, whether it went to San Francisco or the North Pole.

But we met an unexpected difficulty. Tickets had to be purchased at the ticket office, and we did not know the name of the place to which we were bound. It was impossible to ask a ticket for 'anywhere.' We explained our difficulty, and found lots of sympathy, but no one could help us unless we would tell them where we wanted to go. At last we found a map of the harbor. We pointed to a name on an indent of the bay, and at once there was a sigh of relief from our willing helpers. One man joyfully led the way to a ticket office and authoritatively commanded the man in charge to give us tickets for Machimoto, then led us to the launch, and left us smiling as though we had befriended him and not he us. Price of tickets, ten sen. After half an hour of pleasant sailing over the blue water the launch stopped puffing, and the captain indicated that this was our destination. We got into a sampan and headed for a tiny village nestling against a hill and with wavelets breaking on the beach.

'John,' said Priscilla, 'why did you come ashore here?'

'Because,' I replied, 'this is where we took tickets for.'

'That is no reason at all,' said Priscilla; 'we might have kept on the launch until it reached its destination, and paid the difference in fare.'

I acknowledged that, with my usual

density of comprehension, I had not thought of this, but pointed out meekly that this was a beautiful spot and we might have a delightful walk along the shore to the next village, which we could see about a mile farther on. This was satisfactory. We reached the said village, asked for the *hatoba*, and found a sampan man waiting for passengers. We inquired when the launch came back on its return to Nagasaki. It returned at 1.30. The next was at 2.30, and then at three or four. This all demonstrated to us by the factotum in charge by turning the hands of his watch to the hours mentioned.

'All right,' we said, 'we will return sometime. Where can we buy bread? We should like something to eat.'

The little group of bystanders looked at each other in grave doubt. '*Pan arimasen* (There is no bread),' they said. One man doubtfully said that he knew a place where bread might be had — sometimes. We asked where, and he waved us to follow him. He led us over the spur of the hill to a cluster of about six houses, with one little shop. The shop had no bread, but there was a farmhouse next door where we might get what we needed. Our guide led us thither, explained what we wanted, and bowed himself away, pleased that he had been of service to us.

The interior of the farmhouse was very interesting. It was evidently very old, but was solidly built, with thick beams and pillars. The occupants were an old couple with their son, or son-in-law, and his wife. They gave us fresh eggs with salt and soy, and the other concomitants of a frugal meal. We ate it sitting on the *kang*, on which the family knelt, Japanese fashion, eating their midday meal of rice. 'How much?' I inquired. The younger man came forward and said, 'Seventy sen.' 'Oh,' I said, '*tai hen yasui* (that is too

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cheap).’ ‘*Yasui nai* (It is not cheap),’ he replied. We paid the seventy cents, and I dropped twenty cents beside our plate as a cunshaw to the cook. He took the money, but surveyed the extra twenty cents doubtfully, putting his head first on one side, then on the other, like a mother hen looking severely at a delinquent chicken. We said good-bye, and they replied with the usual plethora of bows and sibilants.

It was two o’clock, but the sun was shining brightly, and a road that led between two hills into a charming valley opened invitingly before us. The launch could go hang — we would explore further. The walk proved one of the most delightful we had in Japan. Every hundred yards or so a new prospect of hill and glen opened before us. We lingered on the way trying to drink in the loveliness of nature and striving to make the picture in our memories as permanent as possible. The sun was westering, but we were loath to retrace our steps. We noticed that the road was bending round to the right, and we anticipated that we should shortly come out on the seaside. We did, and heard the hoot of a siren. Our friendly launch was just picking up passengers. So we hastened toward the landing shouting and waving. They saw us, she swung back on the circle she was making for the open bay, and we were soon on board and heading back for Nagasaki after another enjoyable outing. The fare for the return journey was fifteen sen. We must have walked a considerable distance from our port of debarkation to account for this fifty-per-cent rise in the passage money for the return trip.

This was the only excursion we made down the bay, but there must be twenty, perhaps fifty, places as beautiful as that we had just visited within one or two hours’ sail of the jetty at Nagasaki. And all as easy to get to and as

economical of expense as the one I have tried to describe. Ten days could be pleasantly and profitably spent in Nagasaki, going to a different place every day. Tourists rush from one famous site to another, travel first-class on the steamer or train, and put up at expensive hotels, and in doing so miss as much loveliness as they see, at a far greater cost both of nervous energy and money. The things really worth seeing — the hills, the sea, forests and valleys, sunrise and sunset, or the waves dashing in fury on the shore — are all free to those who have eyes to see and hearts to rejoice in the beautiful world that God has made. I am sure we were happier sitting on the *kang* in that Japanese farmhouse eating a scrapped-up lunch than we should have been in stiff collars and evening dress in a hotel. But all our friends had been to Unzen, so we decided to plunge into civilization and see this well-known resort before turning our faces homeward.

The third-class ticket to Chijiwa, where one takes motor to Unzen, cost us one yen and eight sen each. The journey was very pleasant, the red lilies among the standing rice reminding us of poppies growing in the corn at home. The wayside station of Ikusa stands out in remembrance as a place of surpassing loveliness. We emerged from a valley and came upon it suddenly, a beautiful clean village standing on a bluff overlooking an arm of the sea surrounded by mountains. We said to each other, ‘Next time we come we will certainly stay for a couple of days at Ikusa.’ We arrived about five in the evening at the Unzen hotel, where a letter had preceded us from our host of the Golden Eagle. The season being over, we were given a cheap rate, and paid eleven yen for a large, well-furnished double room looking out on the forest. We visited the crater, where

dense clouds of steam and jets of boiling water issued from the ground. Unzen is situated at about the same height as the hills at Mokansan, but, being copiously wooded, has a pleasanter outlook. Moreover, from the higher eminences the sun can be seen rising or sinking into the sea.

We spent only one day in Unzen, because our programme was to sample the accommodation in cheaper surroundings. But we felt that we must indulge in a hot bath in the volcanic water — we did not know at the time that the baths in the hotel were supplied with water from the geysers that abound here. Priscilla found a public bath, and the proprietor smilingly promised her that if we visited his establishment he would bar out the public until we had finished our ablutions. We therefore had a comfortable dip in the medicinal water, and hope that its effects will last us eleven years, as did the radium spring for our host at Nagasaki. Price for the double bath, ten sen.

The next evening we took the motor for Obamo, thus doing the round trip from Nagasaki by rail and launch. The motor up the hill cost two yen and fifty sen. To Obamo it was one and one-half yen. Obamo is a large village stretching for a mile along the front, which has a sea wall ten or twelve feet in height. We were deposited at the door of the foreign hotel there, and inquired the price of a double room for the night. It was higher than we anticipated, and Priscilla suggested that we should go to a Japanese inn. We had set forth on our journey with the intention of staying at Japanese inns, but had not yet done so. We therefore gathered up our impedimenta and sallied forth to seek other lodgings — very much to the astonishment of the landlord of the only foreign hotel in the place. We paused at a likely-looking

shop and inquired for a room. The proprietor said his house was not a hotel, but he would take us to one. This he did, and we were ushered into a spacious Japanese inn a few doors farther down the street.

Yes, they could give us a room — and a second time Priscilla proceeded to investigate. She came back smiling. 'A lovely room, immaculately clean, with a balcony overlooking the sea.' We immediately took possession. The charge was three yen per night. We took off our shoes and walked along boards that were polished like a mirror. Slippers were provided for us, and we settled down in a room with matted floor and rattan chairs on the balcony. We had supper — toasted bread and butter, an omelette, and some Japanese relishes. We had left our own teapot and Ceylon tea behind in Nagasaki, and the Japanese unsweetened tea did not go well with the rest of the meal. We thought of the two 'Aiberdeen' lads in Nagasaki, tried their favorite shandygaff, and got on splendidly.

At night the maid servant proceeded to make our beds, and we watched the operation with some interest. She laid down four thickly wadded quilts for each of us. On top of these was spread a perfectly laundered white sheet and pillow; then a lighter and larger quilt for covering — all spotless. We sighed contentedly, and sat down on the balcony looking out on the starlit water and watching the flares of the fishing boats far out on the bay.

The next morning Priscilla said, 'John, we'll stay here for another day. This is too good to be missed.' We did. We watched the boys fishing for octopuses from the sea wall. One lad caught a large one, and as he jerked it out of the water it swung round on his line and whizzed past within a few inches of Priscilla's face. The resulting scream startled him as much as the octopus

did me. I asked 'How much?' and was told 'Ten sen,' and was served... Next to Nagasaki took cumsh... we were tourists. The last yen. gentle... was in... took a... were en... deck, topside... enclos... chairs, 'See,' panion... minute... yen.' come... sen each... in the... passenger... because... and if... pay on... showed... seeing... this sad... which w... It was... by con...

did my spouse. We found a bathing beach and had a swim in the sea. 'How much for the accommodation?' I asked. The woman in charge replied, 'How much you think when I supply bathing dresses and towels?' 'Twenty sen,' I hazarded. 'All right,' she said, and we paid her the money and gave ten-sen cumshaw to her little girl — the only cumshaw, by the way, that I felt was well received, as it was well deserved, which we had paid in Japan.

Next day we returned by launch to Nagasaki. The sampan men who took us out to the launch asked for cumshaw. This was a sure sign that we were on the track of the foreign tourist. A few coppers satisfied them. The launch fare was two yen and one yen. We paid one yen, and a Swiss gentleman whom we had met at Unzen was infected by our economy and also took a deck passage. We thought we were entitled only to seats on the lower deck, but the steward motioned us up topside. There was a small railed-off enclosure with a table and two rickety chairs, into which we were ushered. 'See,' said our delighted Swiss companion, 'I have only known you ten minutes, and already I have saved two yen.' When nearing Mogi the captain came forward and said we owed fifty sen each, because we had been traveling in the enclosure reserved for first-class passengers. This was plainly a squeeze, because the foreign fare was two yen, and if we paid first-class fare we should pay one yen each extra. We declined to pay, and said that the steward had showed us into the enclosure, and seeing we were not entitled to be on this sacred spot we would come out — which we immediately did. Seeing this, the man went off with a sheepish grin. It was plain he had been demoralized by contact with Western civilization.

I am confident that the Japanese look on the people who scatter cumshaws about much as we look on war profiteers. In their eyes these people are rich but vulgar. The captain, seeing that we had sat down on the long seat provided for second-class passengers, returned, and, evidently wanting to atone for being rude, lifted out the chairs from the enclosure where we had been and courteously asked us to be seated therein. So now we sat leaning on the same rail as formerly, only now we leaned on it from the outside, whereas before we had been on the inside.

The motor was waiting for us on the pier, and in half an hour we were back in Nagasaki, and found our host of the Golden Eagle waiting at the tram terminus to welcome us back. We had supper, and then proceeded to count our funds. Priscilla found that another shopping raid was possible, and thus we spent the last evening of our stay in Japan. Next day we boarded the steamer with three yen still on the credit side of ledger and one Mexican dollar that had hitherto escaped notice. We arrived on Saturday afternoon, being the twelfth day since we sailed. We came ashore with one yen and one dollar still to the good, but that was because Neptune was again unkind to us and we had missed two meals on the return trip.

The total expenses in United States currency may be tabulated thus: —

Cost of passages.....	\$31.33
Visé of passport.....	2.00
140 yen funds in hand to start with....	70.00
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Less articles bought in Japan and brought back with us, 80 yen.....	15.00
<hr/>	
Total expense.....	\$88.33

## WHAT IS DEATH?<sup>1</sup>

BY H. A. DALLAS

WE live in a world in which we are being trained to apprehend Reality. The process is slow; the desire to know the truth is instinctive in all thoughtful persons, but at present we are, for the most part, subject to illusions. Illusions are not *delusions*. To be subject to delusions indicates an unsound mind; but to live in the midst of illusion is no token of insanity. It only implies that we have not yet realized that things are not what they seem to be. Mankind has had to learn through illusions; it is not desirable to be rid of all of them until the lessons have been learned which the illusions of our present state are meant to teach; only gradually by study, reasoning, and experience may we learn the truth which liberates, and thus obtain *relative* freedom from illusions. For instance, the notion that the sun moves round the earth is an illusion, not a delusion; it was a reasonable deduction from experience, until further study proved it to be incorrect. The impression that atoms of matter are in immediate contact is another reasonable deduction from experience. Science teaches, however, that this also is an illusion, that no atom absolutely touches another. It remains true *relative to our senses* and for all practical purposes; but mentally we know that it is an illusion.

Lord Balfour, referring to experiences through our physical senses, has said:—

What are we to say about these same experiences when we discover, not only that

<sup>1</sup> From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly), January

they may be wholly false, but that they are never wholly true?

Absolute freedom from illusion is impossible of attainment in this life, and it would be unreasonable to imagine that there will be none in the life beyond. Illusions are due to imperfect interpretation of experience; it is unlikely that interpretation will be perfect in the next stage to this. Sir Oliver Lodge says:—

A nerve centre interprets or presents to the mind each stimulus in the specific way to which it has become accustomed. . . . So, it may be (immediately after death), we shall be unable to interpret things save in a more or less customary manner.

In a general way, however, it is true that the mind corrects illusions of the senses. This is a fact in this world, and will no doubt be true in another world. But when we are convinced that sense impressions are misleading they still hold sway over our imagination. We must bear this in mind when we consider the event of death.

What does science teach us about death? In the first place, it teaches that death is a natural event, as natural as birth; it is part of the order of nature. Biology teaches that death is not a *necessity* for all living beings, however. There are unicellular organisms which, if not interfered with, do not die. They experience neither death nor birth; they propagate by subdivision. Why are higher organisms subject to this apparent catastrophe from which the lower are immune? For what reason was death introduced into the scheme

of the universe? We may surmise that it was introduced because mortality is serviceable to evolution, a benefit to the universe; and had it not been introduced the various forms of higher life would have been impossible — the lower would have filled all available space. The universe would be full of immortal amoeba! In a book called *The Death in Evolution* the writer, Mr. Newman Smith, says: —

Death enters, as far as is known, in connection with alternations between two methods of reproduction . . . it occurs naturally in the course of the change from the a-sexual method of simple cell-division, to the method of fertilization.

It is this latter method which gives to nature variety, richness, and the plastic power of adaptation to different environments; with the entrance of the new method, 'for the enrichment of life through sex, enters also the law of decay and death.' Further he adds: —

Biology furnishes thus to philosophy a suggestion of profound truth and of far-reaching significance. . . . It means that death, in the course of nature, is not to be regarded as a disaster. . . . Death . . . in the divine economy of nature is introduced as a means of life, of ever-increasing and happier life. (p. 32)

The fact that death is a benefit to the race does not solve the problem of its effect on the individual. Tennyson voices the question which has tormented many when he asks:

Are God and Nature then at strife,  
That Nature lends such evil dreams?

Of course, it is radically impossible that God and nature can be at strife. If we believe in a Creative Spirit at all, we must believe that nature is a part of His self-manifestation. And, if there is a higher manifestation than the material universe, we must expect to find traces of one and the same Mind in both, and to find that the various man-

ifestations help us to interpret the whole. The fact that death serves a beneficent purpose in the scheme of evolution takes us a step further toward the solution of the mystery of death for the individual as well as for the race. It looks like disaster, but science emphatically negatives that conclusion as far as the race is concerned; and this supplies us with grounds for hope that the same principle may apply to the individual, and that the apparently disastrous character of death may prove to be an illusion in both cases. Some instinct within us — not an unreasonable one, surely — rebels against the conclusion that the welfare of the race, as a whole, is won at the cost of catastrophe for every single individual that builds up the race.

In order to ascertain whether this apparent disharmony is an illusion, and whether the impulse to reject it is justifiable, we must turn to other sources of knowledge, and include in our survey a wider range of experiences; but before we do so there is one other illusion connected with death which medical science corrects. What is called the last 'agony' is obviously misnamed. There are, no doubt, painful diseases which cause suffering as long as there is consciousness, but medical men assure us that the struggle with which life quits the body is not, under normal conditions, painful to the dying, however distressing it may be to the watcher; the dying person is usually unconscious and does not suffer. Archbishop Tait remarked when dying, 'I did not know that dying was so pleasant.'

What light does psychical research shed on this event? It is impossible in so limited a space to do more than indicate briefly what should be the answer to that question. The lines of study are many, but a general conclu-

sion may be arrived at by careful consideration of the various aspects of the subject. The general conclusion to which they point is that the incident of death is not a terminus, but a 'covered way' to further experiences, 'that there is no discontinuity at death.'

A very momentous consideration is involved in the quoted words. 'No discontinuity' implies that the dying person carries into changed conditions all that has become an integral part of his individuality. His affections, his aspirations, his hopes,—and, perchance, his fears if he has them,—his character, in fact, as it has been moulded on the wheel of life, pass with him into new conditions.

In 1894 the Society for Psychical Research published a census of cases, carefully sifted and verified, of spontaneous appearances at and after death, the percipient being in some cases unaware of the death of the person seen; and since that date a vast number of corroborative instances have been published. One example drawn from this census may here be briefly summarized, although it thus necessarily loses some of its value, and should be studied with full details in the volume itself, or in F. W. H. Myers's book, *Human Personality*, where it will also be found. Certain points in this narrative are particularly well adapted to illustrate the deductions which may be fairly made from these kinds of experiences in general.

The recorder is M. E. Mametchitch, a Russian gentleman. He had befriended the sister of a friend of his, an orphan girl, called Palladia. She was very delicate, and at the age of fifteen she died suddenly, while M. Mametchitch was reading aloud to her and her sister. About two years later he was experimenting in his own room to find out by repeating the alphabet whether he could get intelligent raps,

and Palladia's name was indicated. This startled and almost frightened him. He asked if she had anything to say to him. The response was: 'Replace the angel; it is falling.' He did not, at the moment, know to what this might refer. He had not seen her grave, and did not know what kind of monument had been erected on it. Early the next morning he went to the cemetery and searched for her grave, which he found surmounted by an angel and a cross. The monument had slipped and was standing quite crooked. The impression this experience made on him was very great, and gave him the conviction of the reality of another life.

A year later he saw her while he was playing the piano in his room. A friend was working in the same apartment, whom he at once informed of what he had seen, and who testified to the fact, but did not himself see any figure. Three years later she again appeared to him at 9 P.M. when he was busy finishing some work. She appeared to be seated in an armchair in front of him, her elbow on the table and her head resting on her hand. Although startled, he soon recovered his presence of mind, and, taking up his watch, steadily observed the movement of the second hand; then, assured that he was in full possession of his senses, he looked up, and noted that Palladia was in the same position. She returned his gaze calmly and joyously. Then he resolved to speak to her. 'Que sentez-vous à présent?' (How do you feel now?) he asked. He saw no movement of her lips, but he distinctly heard a voice reply: 'Quiétude (Tranquillity).' He replied: 'I understand.' 'At that moment,' he wrote, 'I did understand all the significance which she had put into that word.' Once more he looked at his watch, and noted the motion of the hands, and, when he again raised his eyes, the image of Palladia was fading.

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'If I had thought of noting immediately the significance of the word *Quiétude* I should have remembered,' he said, 'all the new, strange meaning of it. But as soon as I had quitted the table to go upstairs and join my friend I could relate nothing further than I have now stated.'

Nine years later he saw her again and heard her speak. The occasion was a memorable one. He had met, for the first time, a lady who subsequently became his wife. At that time, however, he had not any such idea in view. She was paying a visit to his parents, with whom he was then residing. Shortly after her arrival, having wakened at an early hour, he saw Palladia at a distance of about five feet from his bed. She was looking at him with a happy smile, and he heard a voice say: '*J'ai été et j'ai vu* (I have been and I have seen).' He did not understand what these words might mean. A setter was in his bedroom, and when Palladia appeared the dog's hair stood on end and he sprang upon his bed. The creature looked toward Palladia; he did not bark, but pressed close against his master, as if for protection. M. Mametchitch said nothing about the experience, but that evening the young lady visitor told him that she had had a strange experience. Having wakened early, she felt as if some one were standing at the head of her bed, and she distinctly heard a voice say: 'Do not fear me; I am kind and loving.' Turning to see the speaker, she saw no one.

Five years later his child, then two years old, was standing near his chair, when Palladia again appeared. Turning to his father, he pointed at her with his little finger and said: 'Auntie.' This occurred eighteen years after her death.

Certain points in this narrative suggest an answer to questions often raised in connection with the subject of

survival. The question is asked: 'If communication after death is possible, why do the communicators so often speak of trifles?' The fact that the monument on Palladia's grave had fallen on one side was a mere trifle. It could not be important to her, but it was very important from the point of view of convincing M. Mametchitch that an intelligence, independent of his own mind, was in correspondence with him. Again, it is asked: 'Do they know after death what befalls their friends on earth?' The answer to that question is very explicitly conveyed in this narrative. Surprise is often expressed that they do not tell us more concerning their present condition. We note that, when M. Mametchitch passed out of the condition in which Palladia was visible and audible to him, he ceased to retain the real significance of the word he remembered to have heard; it became more or less unintelligible; he knew that a sense had been conveyed to his mind which, when it was again in its normal contact with the material environment, he could no longer grasp. In this circumstance we may find the clue to the fact that we are told so little about the conditions of life in the Beyond — the ordinary use of words cannot at all adequately express those conditions. Probably it is only in some transcendental mood that those still in these clay bodies can apprehend them. Not by words, but by some direct action of spirit on spirit, it may be possible for some, at rare moments, to apprehend partially a state of being which is supermaterial.

Although this narrative is unusual in the frequency of the appearances, the conclusions to which it leads are corroborated by innumerable other cases, some published and some unpublished, which very clearly indicate that the so-called dead are very much alive in their faithful affections and interest in their

friends, and that they know more about us than we know about them; that, although the conditions and environment in which they live are different from ours, they are unchanged in character, and hold those they love in constant remembrance. Fellowship, which is an essential ingredient in all progressive life on earth, is no less essentially a part of life beyond.

Death has been represented as a lonely experience, and one in which separation is the main factor — separation from friends, and separation from the body. This isolation is an appalling thought, for loneliness is an abnormal condition; we were born for fellowship. If the very numerous instances of visions of the dying and of watchers by the bed of death are rightly understood, death is robbed of this dread; the notion that it is a lonely process is an illusion; there is no break in fellowship for those who have already enjoyed fellowship.

It must not be assumed, however, that death will be an equally happy event for everyone. The communications which claim to have come from the Other Side of death show that this is not so. We are citizens of a *just* universe in which cause and effect are inevitably linked. Selfishness is an isolating process; those who have lived for self may be terribly lonely in a condition in which they may not have made friends. 'Make to yourselves friends . . .' said Jesus Christ, 'that . . . they may receive you into the eternal tabernacles.' Friends can be made in only one way, that is by *being* friendly; we create our future by what we are more than by what we do. 'If I bestow all my goods to feed the poor . . . but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.' Those whose interests are exclusively connected with material wealth and earthly ambitions cannot be otherwise than impoverished when

they lose these mundane things. The event of dying is the entry into open conditions in which 'nothing is hid, that shall not be made manifest; nor anything secret, that shall not be known and come to light.' In that fact lies a veritable judgment day: only sincere souls will desire to be known as they really are; to others the fact that 'nothing is hid . . . that shall not be known' is terrible. But God's judgment days are meant to be salutary; the light of truth is also the light of love. There are infinite possibilities of progress in the infinite Spirit Universe of which our present condition is a tiny fragment.

There is yet another point on which both physical science and psychical science throw some light. Death *seems* to deprive the spirit of a body; and most persons shrink from the prospect of being bodiless. But is not this idea also an illusion? There is no scientific man who has devoted more time to the study of the ether of space than Sir Oliver Lodge. In a recent work he says: —

The ether is now believed to be a very substantial substance, far more substantial than any form of matter. . . . Not only is there a matter body, there is also an ether body; the two are coexistent.

This he states as a scientific conclusion of which he is personally convinced, and he continues: —

We may be sure the ether body does not wear out: that is contrary to all we know about the ether and its properties.

He adds that when life quits the material body it *may* cease to animate the ether body.

It may, we cannot assert either way; it is a question of fact, and the fact is not yet certainly known.

This cautious statement of a man of science should be carefully considered with all its implications. The assertion

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that there *is* an ether body which is not liable to wear out harmonizes with the inspired utterance of Saint Paul when he says: 'There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.' And again, to quote Dr. Moffat's translation of II Corinthians v. 1-5:

I know that if this earthly tent of mine is taken down, I get a home from God, made by no human hands, eternal in the heavens. It makes me sigh indeed, this yearning to be under the cover of my heavenly habitation, since I am sure that once so covered I shall not be 'naked' at the hour of death. . . . Not that I want to be stripped, no, but to be under the cover of the other, to have my mortal element absorbed by life. I am prepared for this change by God.

The intuitions of philosophers have apprehended the same truth. Johannes Scotus, a Celtic metaphysician of the ninth century, taught:—

The form of the body, its primary spiritual constitution, is . . . to remain amidst all the changes that it has undergone from its connection with matter, and from subjection to the accidents of matter. Its outward material vesture will fall off, and be mixed with the elements out of which it is formed. But the true native form, the proper body, will be preserved, and recover its relation to the soul which inhabits it.

This teaching is in harmony with messages which claim to come from the departed, affirming that they are *not*

bodiless. They say that they possess a more subtle organism when they quit the material body. If we believe this and realize that death is not the entrance into a bodiless state, — a condition unimaginable, — but rather that it is a fresh adventure upon which we enter duly equipped with a body adapted to our new condition, and companioned by those who love us, who wait to welcome us, then death loses its horror, and we may surely 'greet the unseen with a cheer.'

This was the attitude of Christ in the presence of death. His sympathy moved Him to tears for those who, subject to illusion, were blind to the truth, but He was fully aware that so-called death is "a step onwards to the fullness of immortality." This fullness can, indeed, be only gradually attained; but on the upward way He assured His friends that there are many 'abodes' in which they would find that their coming was prepared for, and that there was no cause to let their hearts be troubled at the prospect, either for themselves, or for those they loved.

After His own death He gave again the same assurance of 'peace,' and pledged Himself to be actively sharing in their work on earth, companioning with them 'all the days' until their time came to be with Him in the fuller condition of life Beyond.

## SPORT AT MINEHEAD

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Saturday Review*]

*As reported in the press this week, a hunted stag in North Devon, which swam out to sea to elude its pursuers, was followed in a motor boat, captured, brought to shore, and there slaughtered.*

THE hunt is up at Porlock and the hounds are well away.

(Satan, are you sleeping there below?)

The gulls with breasts gold-dusted string out across the bay,  
and the moorland is a brazier burning slow.

The sky is like a bonfire with the flames all blue,  
and the clouds like a whisper in the snow,

And the world is like a blessing, with the hunt at Minehead guessing  
it's a perfect day for slaughter, and by God! they ought to know.

Hounds are on the Devon hills, beside the Devon seas.

(Satan, are you sleeping there below?)

The gallant hunt at Minehead are riding at their ease wondering when a stag  
will show:

'Tell the men of England, tell 'em clear and true, how the hunt at Minehead  
told you so,

That God is in His heaven, and it seems to men in Devo.  
a perfect day for slaughter, and by God! they ought to know.'

The stag's asleep in covert, brow, bay and tray, and three.

(Satan, are you sleeping there below?)

But they've got a hind they've tufted, and they've run her to the sea,  
and she's swimming all the way to Plymouth Hoe.

Get out the launches and man the motor craft, as the lifeboat seems too slow,  
And if hounds have torn her throat, or she is run down by a motor,  
it's all the same at Minehead, and by God! they ought to know.

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come

(Satan, are you sleeping there below?),

But it seems to me that Minehead must have heard his drum  
when they gave the hind to hounds with a throw:

'I loved the whole of England, but most of all the red cliffs where the best of  
England grow.

But if these be men of Devon, I'll quit the port of heaven,  
and I'll drum them down the Channel, and by God! they ought to go.'

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VOL. 332

## LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

### *Art to Order*

ESTHETICS has always been a subject of vital concern to young revolutionists, and even the most matter-of-fact Marxian has arranged a place for artists in the perfect commonwealth of the future. It is therefore not surprising that the Fascisti should have evolved a theory of art that can be harmonized with their active political programme. At the opening of an Institute of Fascist Culture at Verona a certain Roberto Forges Davanzati stated the Fascist credo of art in no uncertain terms. 'Can we demand an art?' he asks. Of course. The day of artistic 'freedom' is over — in fact, it never dawned. The great masterpieces of the past were not the work of a lot of half-starved nuts living in attics. Greek and Roman art, as well as the output of the Italian Renaissance, was the 'will of the epoch manifesting itself.'

Not only should the will of the epoch manifest itself in an artistic medium, but the will itself, whatever form it assumes, is a form of art. 'I believe,' says Signor Davanzati, 'that there exists in Italy to-day a living example of this truth: it is our *Duce* in whom we truly feel this will, this Italian will, this will to make Italy great, expressing itself in the art of government.' The good Fascist gets exactly the same thrill thinking about the organization of the castor oil squads that less fortunate people can find only in books, picture galleries, and concert halls. Not that these pleasures are denied the Fascisti. They also enjoy literature, painting, and music; only they enjoy

them with a peculiar relish, tasting, as they do, the intrinsically Fascist element that all fine art, by definition, contains.

This plea, if such a cringing word can be applied to a daring adventure into aesthetics, closes with an extremely sensible passage. The orator urges that less money be spent on the purchase of old masterpieces and that more go to the support and encouragement of living artists. He also suggests that the Government arrange to have public buildings decorated with pictures of contemporary life, especially realistic representations of the war. He calculates that these scenes of heroism will warm young people's breasts with the fire of patriotism. Here, however, is where the difficulty might come in. If the artist were sincere he might, in spite of his State subsidy, so far forget himself as to show things as they really are — and when this starts happening, any government, whether Fascist, Bolshevik, Democratic, or Republican, gets out from under as fast as it can.

### *A Paris Hit*

UNABLE to fill even the tiny Vieux Colombier theatre, M. Jacques Copeau has had to transfer his worthy dramatic enterprises from the intellectual capital of the world to New York, the stronghold of barbarism. This departure has left the field of good modern drama in Paris in the possession of the Théâtre des Arts, where the Russian Pitoëffs have been devoting most of their time to the works of those well-known boulevardiers, Pirandello and Bernard Shaw. The present season, however, has wit-

nessed a renaissance of the French stage in the form of Marcel Pagnol's new play, presented at this very Théâtre des Arts, with the deliciously Parisian title of *Jazz*.

The acclaim that has greeted this drama in the French press sounds quite different from the conventional puff that attends the presentation of most new plays. Critics are frank in accusing the author of many ineptitudes and exaggerations, but they feel he has got hold of something important and alive. The plot is unusual. The hero, a professor of Greek named Blaise, has acquired a scholarly reputation on the basis of a reconstruction he has made from a half-defaced stone inscription of a lost passage in Plato. He has written twenty books on the subject, and at the age of fifty-six is at the height of his fame.

But suddenly all Blaise's world falls apart. An English scholar unearths an earlier manuscript of the same lost fragment which proves that Blaise's version was merely an ingenious improvisation on a much later passage that had simply been written in Plato's style. The first time Blaise faces his class after the scandal he is not wearing his academic robes, and instead of talking about Greek he launches into a eulogy of Life with a capital L, praising Nature and the joys of the flesh, and deriding philology and all intellectual efforts. This, so say the critics, is the weakest part of the play.

Having let himself go like this, Blaise naturally feels that he must practise what he preaches, and, since his gleaming Gallic eye has already lit upon a beautiful co-ed by the name of Cecile, he decides to try to marry her. First, however, he is discovered in his study earnestly conversing with the ghost of his lost youth, a tattered young man of twenty-five, who reproaches him for having sold his birthright to happiness

for a mess of Plato. Blaise takes heart and puts it up to Cecile at once. At first she is disgusted, but in the dark the youthful phantom substitutes himself for the older man and carries the day. When Cecile discovers what she has done she decides to make the best of it, until the man she really loves, whose name is Stepanovitch, and whose nationality is Serbian, explains to Blaise how things are. Blaise steps aside and reflects that the only thing left is what the French call *le plaisir* — in other words, Montmartre. Now here is where the disappointment comes. Just as the audience is all ready for a scene at Zelli's or the Moulin Rouge, the young ghost comes in again and Blaise tries to shoot him. This being, in the nature of the case, impossible, the ghost seizes the gun and shoots Blaise. Originally this scene was to have been the climax to an evening of fun in the cabarets, but the play was too long, and the jazz is confined to the title.

#### Newman on Jazz

MR. ERNEST NEWMAN, who last winter fluttered the dovecotes of musical New York as 'Guest Critic' on a local journal, again swims into our ken with a fierce attack on Paul Whiteman that must have strengthened still further that stout virtuoso's hold on people who think that jazz is the expression of the American spirit. How much musical knowledge and taste Mr. Newman really possesses is an open subject. As an Englishman, appearances are against him; and the fact that he cut quite a swath in Manhattan means little enough, for even Boston supports two musical critics superior to any in Gotham. One thing, however, Mr. Newman can do, and that is write effective English. Having disposed of the vulgar Whiteman, he now turns his guns on Mr. H. O. Osgood, assistant

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editor of the New York *Musical Courier*, and staunch champion of jazz. 'The origins of jazz,' remarks Mr. Newman, 'seem to be lost in the mists of American antiquity.' The legend that most appeals to our English friend is that of 'a blind black musician — one's thoughts run back to Homer — in New Orleans, a newsboy who rejoiced in the name of Stale Bread. He gathered round him five good men and true after his own heart, and the holy association was known locally as Stale Bread's Spasm Band.' The first time Paul Whiteman played jazz from printed music was in 1920 — which, after all, does not give Mr. Newman much time to argue in.

The success of his last assault, however, determined our British detractor to take up the cudgels again. So many letters poured in from unknown American admirers, praising his anti-jazz stand, that he determined to carry the highbrow citadel of Mr. Osgood just as he had demolished the lowbrow pretensions of Mr. Whiteman.

'Mr. Osgood,' announces Mr. Newman, 'pleads in one place that these jazz perversions are on all fours with the variations written by the classical composers on each other's themes — to which I would reply that there is no analogy whatever. If the jazzers would do for Chopin and the others what Brahms did, for example, for Haydn in the St. Anthony Variations, or for Paganini in another set and Handel in another, we should be only too grateful to them. What we object to is not the charming conversation of one great composer with another, but the defacement of beautiful things by hopeless vulgarians.'

In demolishing our own Mr. Carroll's version of Chopin's *Fantaisie Impromtu*, known to the American public as 'I'm Always Chasing Rainbows,' Mr. Newman says, among other things, that 'Carroll has substituted for Cho-

pin's final phrase an ineptitude of his own that merely makes us realize the gulf it has pleased Providence to place between one mind and another.' In order to safeguard one of our leading infant industries, we feel that we should say no more.

#### White Elephants of Siam

ALTHOUGH Siamese princes go to Oxford and Siamese flappers bob their hair, the loyal subjects of King Prajadhipok still greet a live white elephant with greater respect than our younger generation shows toward corresponding institutions. The ceremonies in store for the young specimen of the national emblem just captured give some idea of how seriously the animal is taken. First a wide, straight path is cut through the jungle to the river, and the elephant's progress along this royal road is enlivened with acrobatic, musical, and terpsichorean entertainments. A floating house, roofed with flowers, hung with curtains, and carpeted with gold, awaits the pale pilgrim, and in this he is transported to Ayuthia, the ancient capital, where King and Court will greet him in gilded barges. His diet meanwhile consists of rice cakes and sugar cane, and he bathes in jasmine-scented water. From Ayuthia to Bangkok his house is towed with cords of silk by the royal barge, and installed finally in a colored pavilion, where he is knighted and consecrated. After a nine days' festival the bewildered pachyderm is led to his stable, and promptly forgotten.

There are several good stories about white elephants. On one occasion the elephant died during his journey to the capital, whereat the King, though he had never seen the beast, composed the following description of the dead 'Stranger Lord,' as the animal had been named: 'His complexion was pinkish

white; his tusks like long pearls; his ears like silver shields; his trunk like a comet's tail; his legs like the feet of the skies; his tread like the sound of thunder; his looks full of meditation; his expression full of tenderness; his voice the voice of a mighty warrior; and his bearing that of an illustrious monarch.'

Since this is the way the Siamese feel about their sacred animal, Queen Victoria herself could not well be offended at the description penned of her by an early Siamese ambassador, who said: 'One cannot but be struck by the aspect of the august Queen of England, or fail to observe that she must be of pure descent from a race of goodly and warlike kings and rulers of the earth, in that her eyes, complexion, and, above all, her bearing, are those of a beautiful and majestic white elephant.'

#### *Ireland versus France*

THOSE impossible Frenchmen cannot seem to grasp the simple English notion that Irishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, and Englishmen all differ from each other quite as much as Poles, Negroes, Chinamen, and Spaniards. The so-called 'international' Rugby football matches are a case in point. In any match France is called upon to play against one of the various 'nations' inhabiting the British Isles the referee is scrupulously chosen from neutral ground. For instance, in the recent match at Paris between the French and Irish teams the referee was a Scotchman, yet the mere fact that he, like the players on the Irish team, spoke English was enough to arouse the fury of the French crowds when the local boys went down to defeat. They could not but feel that the official was biased, and, being demonstrative Latins unused to the sporting code originated, though seldom observed, in England to the effect that it is almost more fun to lose a

game than to win one, they unleashed a riot.

The moment the game was over a throng of French sportsmen leaped over the barrier on to the field and rushed at the referee, who was lucky to escape by a back door under heavy police protection. The players themselves were not attacked, all the fury of the mob being concentrated on the official, although during the progress of the game they had shown such abysmal ignorance of the simplest rules that their disapproval betokened more praise than blame. Nor was it the spirit of Joan of Arc that animated the rioters, for at a previous match the crowd, with that lack of race prejudice which is the despair of New Jersey Southerners, cheered a team of swarthy New Zealand Maoris and hooted at their own white compatriots. The day after the Irish match the French sporting press unanimously announced that, in spite of the mere score, the teams were exactly even; the *Figaro* declared that the Irish captain himself felt that the referee had been too strict on the French players; and the *Petit Journal* suggested that in the future a referee of unquestioned neutrality be secured. Since the players parted on good terms, it is thought that the international matches will not be abandoned.

#### *The Latest on Spiritualism*

CAPTAIN E. N. BENNETT, a member of the Council of the Society for Psychical Research, divulged in a recent lecture the current opinions of that society on spiritualism, thought transference, and ghosts. So many spiritualistic mediums at once have been revealed as frauds that investigations in this field prove a weary and unrewarding pastime. Telepathy is more fruitful. The society is especially interested in the hypnotic experiments conducted in Paris by

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Professor Charcot, which led the lecturer to suggest that telepathy was a dying and not a developing sense; it reaches its highest activity among primitive peoples, and, as anyone who frequents the society of mediums knows, practisers of that dark art are not distinguished for their intellectual attainments.

Captain Bennett cited an interesting incident in the South African War, when a group of Hottentots described to him the results of a battle before the news arrived, having, supposedly, picked up through thought transference the actual events as they were taking place. A few missionaries have chronicled similar incidents, but unfortunately, from the point of view of psychics, these men are more interested in saving the souls of the natives than in observing the workings of their minds. As for spirit writing, the Captain said he was inclined to believe that everybody had a double personality, and let it go at that. Ghost stories had been told by seventeen hundred of seventeen thousand people quizzed, and the society is therefore inclined to look on spooks with a half-credulous eye. They are always only too glad to be asked to visit, en masse, genuine haunted houses.

#### *Into the Harem*

CONSTANTINOPLE is becoming one of the show places of Europe as its ancient secrets are gradually being opened up to tourist inspection. We have already referred to the former palaces converted by the progressive influence of the West into gambling casinos and dance halls. If this is not enough to tempt the Paris boycotter to new fields, perhaps the fact that the harems are to be opened to public inspection will be. These mysterious halls are a living history of Turkish craftsmanship.

Some of them date back hundreds of years, and contain simpler yet more exotic work than recent rococo excursions into mother-of-pearl, mirrors, and gold paint. A tangle of corridors leads from one dead Sultan's apartment to another. One was inhabited by a ruler who was thrown into fits of rage by the mere presence of women. In another lived a wild lunatic who scattered gold into his private fishpond. The royal bathroom was particularly well guarded, for the Sultans, when in the nude, took good care to barricade themselves against assassins. The walls of the rooms are decorated with Arabic inscriptions, many windows are of a peculiar kind of stained glass, and the tiles are shaped in marvelously intricate designs. Even more remarkable than the physical surroundings is the historic atmosphere of weeping women long since dead, of slaves chained and beaten to death, of music and prayers, and of the cries of a doomed Sultan striking blindly with his flute against a pack of murderers armed with knives.

#### *Convivial Wales*

'THE gradeliest chap a man could meet,' was the opinion of a young Manchester blade who had the rare good fortune to talk for a quarter of an hour with the Prince of Wales. The fortunate youth was seated in one of the anterooms of an exposition that the Prince was attending. Pinned to his breast was a lozenge advertisement. On being asked by the heir to empire what the idea was, the fellow referred to a recent visit paid by the Prince to a public house, and assured him that, if he ate one of these lozenges after his next escapade, 'she' would never know.

'The Prince roared with laughter,' confessed the young man, 'and promptly invited me to "come and

have one." I told him that I was a teetotaler, and the Prince, saying that he admired my abstemiousness, voted for a whiskey and soda for himself.'

The motion was evidently carried, for the happy pair were soon discussing singing. The Prince confessed that there were few things he enjoyed more than singing in chorus, but that to sing a solo would be more than he could bear. When the Prince pulled a cigar out of his pocket and gave it to his new friend, the young man said he wanted to keep it as a souvenir, but he had to smoke it, for a royal match was immediately lit for his benefit. Luckily the Prince soon broke away, and the young man at once extinguished the cigar, the remains of which he is keeping as a family heirloom. 'It was extraordinary,' he remarked when it was all over, 'that he could be so decent to such a humdrum fellow as I am. I only know that the quarter of an hour we spent chatting will always be the proudest quarter of an hour of my life.'

#### *The Wily Hungarian*

DURING the recent elections in Hungary, the town of Vacz was the scene of a particularly bitter campaign between Count Andrassy, head of the Legitimist movement, and the Government candidate, Szaboky. One day a peasant walked into the Count's headquarters and announced to the campaign manager that Szaboky's party had offered a million kronen for his vote. Though this may not be quite so much as it sounds, since there are seventy thousand kronen to the dollar, it compares favorably with the alleged price of votes on the Pennsylvania market. The peasant, however, thought it was worth seeing what the Andrassy forces would give him.

'My friend,' replied the campaign

manager, 'if you vote for our candidate I will give you as much as the Szaboky party.'

The elections passed off quietly enough with only two killed and three wounded, and the peasant, one of the lucky survivors, returned to Andrassy's manager.

'I voted for Andrassy,' he announced, 'and I have come for my million.'

'How do you get that way?' asked the manager, in the patois of the country.

'Did n't you promise to give me as much as Szaboky?'

'Certainly. How much did he give you?'

'Nothing.'

'Good. I'll give you as much.'

#### *Suicidal Sleepwalking*

EARLY one morning in London the body of Henry Stovell, a man of eighty-two, was found on the sidewalk with a cord tied tightly around the ankles. The man had fallen from his bedroom window, fifty feet above the street, where a short piece of broken string was found tied to a hook. How had he met his end?

Evidence submitted to the coroner proved that Mr. Stovell was a frequent sleepwalker. It was also explained that the day before he died a contortionist had been suspended headfirst with a rope around his ankles from a derrick over Piccadilly Circus, and that pictures of this feat had appeared in many of the evening papers. In recording a verdict of 'Accidental death' the coroner assumed that Mr. Stovell had dreamed of duplicating the contortionist's trick in his sleep—with fatal results. The *Westminster Gazette* consulted a Harley Street specialist, who said that such occurrences were possible, though rare.

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## DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

### THE FAMOUS SYNCOPATED JAZZ BAND

**PIANIST.** — One of best Jazz player's in Far East.

**CORNET PLAYER.** — His technique & beautiful quality of tone made him popular man.

**SAX.** — Well-known orchestra-man very competent player.

**DRUM.** — Comical & happy young man.

**POPULAR BANJO PLAYER**

*Every one will be charmed to hear best Jazz Band in Dairen.*

— Advertisement in the *Manchuria Daily News*

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'The Silence of Mr. Lloyd George' is the most exciting political romance of the moment. It is a disconcerting silence. The professional gossips are reduced to reluctant imitation.

— *Nation and Athenaeum*

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Permanent waves for men at a cost up to five guineas are now so popular that a special demonstration of waving was arranged for West End hairdressers last night. Many well-known actors and others have their hair permanently waved.

'It is a growing fashion,' said an authority. 'One reason is that it is now possible to complete a permanent wave in a short time and without discomfort.'

At the demonstration a young man with a plentiful supply of hair was treated by Miss Helen Laving, the twenty-two-year-old girl who won the World's Championship for Permanent Waving in February. Her 'subject' sat at his ease in chair smoking a pipe, while his hair was wound on rods. Afterward it was placed in a mysterious contrivance and steamed.

Permanently waved men can only wear their hair in one way — brushed straight back without a parting in what is known technically as 'the pompadour style.' — *Westminster Gazette*

\* \* \*

It is that — over and above a natural preference for things British — we believe our nation to possess a distinctive mental and moral fibre conspicuous by its absence in the people of the United States; that this defect in the American people is due to their finer instincts being dangerously blunted, and in many instances destroyed, by concentration on material well-being as an

end in itself; and that we may anticipate the mental and moral deterioration of our own nation precisely in proportion as we ourselves adopt these so-called 'principles of Americanism.'

— *H. P. Voules in the 'English Review'*

\* \* \*

The Tory and Labor candidates had another street-corner battle at lunch time, when their cars were not more than twenty paces apart. The usual attempt to shout one another down failed, and a speaker for Mr. Pike called Mr. Mosley a 'miserable little worm whom one cannot abuse.'

Mr. Mosley struggled through the crowd and attempted to stand on the footboard of Mr. Pike's car to make his reply. Mr. Pike would not allow him to do so.

After considerable argument Mr. Mosley returned to his own car and endeavored to get the crowd around him.

Amid boos and cheers, Mr. Mosley said, 'My friends, I do not pay low wages'; whereupon from the Tory platform came the cry, 'Liar; you are evading the question.' 'Liar yourself,' snapped back Mr. Mosley.

— *Westminster Gazette*

\* \* \*

I am convinced that revolution in England is inevitable, and I personally favor any means from the bomb to the ballot box that will help the workers to overthrow capitalism. Revolution is inevitable because of the reactionary policies of the present Tory Government, which has forced the miners to return to work at longer hours and at wages which are forty per cent below the pre-war level, which is holding more than a thousand miners in prison for their strike activities, which is inaugurating a general attack on the rights of the British trade-unions to organize and strike. — *A. J. Cook*

\* \* \*

We have always been prone to explain to ourselves and to a listening world that we were on the verge of ruin. — *Lord Balfour*

\* \* \*

One Catholic disturbed in his faith is more important than a host of the average reading public in England and America.

— *Hilaire Belloc*

## BOOKS ABROAD

**The Social Revolution in Austria**, by C. A. Macartney. London: Cambridge University Press, 1926. 8s. 6d.

[*Outlook*]

It is no exaggeration to say that this is one of the best of the many books which have appeared of recent years dealing with the conditions obtaining on the continent of Europe. The author has throughout treated his subject in an entirely objective manner, a rare virtue in one writing of Central Europe, and he is to be commended very highly indeed for the judicious use which he has made of the vast quantity of material at his disposal: the style is succinct, and Mr. Macartney's work is invaluable to all who take any interest in modern politics or applied economics.

The earlier chapters give a masterly account of the decline and fall of the old Hapsburg Monarchy through the growing discontent of the different races which composed it, including the Germans, who were never reconciled to the *Drang nach Osten* which the consequences of Sadowa imposed on their rulers. As a result of these centrifugal tendencies the empire could only be held together by a powerful bureaucracy, so that when their time came the Socialists found no difficulty in adapting much of the existing machinery to their own purposes. The author describes in great detail the triumphs and failures of the Social Democrats, and he attributes their loss of power, which he considers to be final, to their alienation of the peasants and of the middle classes by their excessive preoccupation with the interests of the urban manual worker. He also considers that Austrian Socialism has too much identified itself with republicanism and anticlericalism, for, as he rightly says, there is no theoretical reason why it should be either: indeed, both Don Eduardo Dato and Signor Mussolini have proved that the principles of Socialism can very well be applied under a monarchical régime.

Mr. Macartney devotes a good deal of space to a consideration of the peasant, an aspect of European politics which too often escapes the notice of the English observer. One sentence from this book will show that the standard of life among the Austrian peasantry is not a high one:

It is not uncommon for the parents of idiots to lock them in stables, pigsties, or even

368

underground, and keep them there till they die, merely throwing them, from time to time, a little animal fodder on the end of a pitchfork, to salve their consciences of the charge of murder.

Yet it is the peasant who rules Austria to-day through the Christian Socialist Party, which is neither Christian nor Socialist, but purely clerical, and in his hands the power will remain while his country continues to be an independent republic.

Among so much that is interesting it is almost impossible to make a choice, and it is to be hoped that enough has already been said to induce the reader to order Mr. Macartney's book at once. The chapter on the Jews treats of this delicate subject in a manner which can offend none, but which is at the same time extremely suggestive, and is perhaps the most thoughtful statement of the problem which has yet appeared in the English language. On the prospects of the absorption of Austria in the Reich the author has much to say, as well as concerning the peculiar position of Vienna, a capital without a country, and the relations between the Republic and her neighbors. In all this Mr. Macartney adopts an entirely impartial attitude; indeed, he is so anxious to be fair that the reader will find it a little difficult to agree with his conclusion that the influence of the Church of Rome in Austria has, on the whole, been beneficial, for on the evidence quoted she seems rather to be upholding the banner of obscurantism in a very resolute manner. This, however, is purely a matter of opinion, and in no way detracts from a work for which both author and publisher deserve the highest praise.

**The Miniature**, by Eden Phillpotts. London: Watts and Company, 1926. 5s.

[*New Statesman*]

In his recent volume of reminiscences, Jerome K. Jerome remarks: —

I suppose luck goes to the making of reputations. . . . Next to Hardy, I place Eden Phillpotts as the greatest of living English novelists: and Hardy has not his humor. But I take it he will have to wait till he is dead before full justice is done to him.

The case of Eden Phillpotts is indeed curious.

There is enough variety in his fifty or so volumes to equip half a dozen writers, and a standard of quality to establish half a dozen literary reputations. Indeed, he is almost too versatile for English readers, who like to have their authors plainly labeled. With Eden Phillpotts, however, they never quite know where they are. There was a time when his name was associated with Dartmoor romances, and that is how he is treated by Abel Chevalley in that excellent handbook, *Le roman anglais de notre temps*. Chevalley says of him rather lukewarmly: 'C'est un romancier sincère, persévérant, un peu lourd et maladroit, qui comprend et traduit plus heureusement la nature que les hommes.' But what about his Human Boy series? And his detective tales? Or his short stories? (Surely 'The Three Dead Men,' in the collection entitled *Black, White and Brindled*, contains one of the most ingeniously contrived, and the most economically handled, mysteries in fiction.) And then there are those literary diversions, of which *The Miniature* is the latest and perhaps most attractive example. The miniature of the title is man, whom Zeus created as a small-scale god. His subsequent progress through the ages to the present day and beyond is then depicted from the Olympian point of view, and this attitude of detachment provides satirical opportunities, of which Mr. Phillpotts takes full advantage. It is just possible that if *The Miniature* had been written by Anatole France, and then translated into English, it would have been hailed as a little masterpiece. Well, it is, there is no doubt about it, rich in sardonic irony and playful profundity. I would specially point out, as good specimens of their kind, such passages as Zeus's preliminary specification of man (p. 3), his remarks on man's attitude toward nature (p. 16), Areas on war and honor (p. 26), the report of Hermes on the sages of Greece (pp. 66 ff.), Zeus on Jahwe and the age of reason (p. 84), Hermes on religions (p. 94), Athene on deities (p. 100), and Zeus on the end of man (p. 118). I have implied a comparison with Anatole France, but there are several isolated phrases which have much in common with the irreverent wisdom of Mr. Shaw. Above all, *The Miniature* is a model of well-knit prose. It would be difficult to find a superfluous word, and impossible to point to a slovenly sentence in what is one of the most noteworthy English books of 1926.

Memoirs of Halidé Edib. London: John Murray, 1926. 21s.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THAT some women in Turkey and the Middle East rounded Seraglio Point long ago is well known. The petty details of emancipation have, indeed, been kept before the eyes of the Western

public since the Kemalist revolution with rather much insistence. Over most of the Near East it is still the rarest exception for a male visitor even to catch a glimpse of the wives and daughters of his acquaintances. It is such facts as this that need to be kept in mind when one is reading this valuable and extremely interesting book. A mind so cultivated and so independent is the exception in any country in the world. In the Turkish Republic — for all the progress toward Western standards that has there been recorded — it is astonishing. Madame Halidé Edib, who visited England long before the war and stayed as the guest of Miss Isabel Fry in London, for many years kept in touch with a distinguished circle of friends in this country. To her friends the quick penetration and range of interests will no doubt not seem surprising, but it is to be hoped that her book will be read by many who have never heard of her before and who are still skeptical as to the genuineness of the intellectual life that went on in rare instances behind the veil. Madame Edib graduated and married and began writing while Abdul Hamid was still on the throne; thus she was ready to greet and to help the Young Turk revolution.

She begins her autobiography in the quiet times of tradition and stagnation, and she paints most skillfully her picture of the old Turkish society. There are color and humor, pathos and cool reflection, in the narrative. The first husband of Madame Edib's mother met the authoress in later life and found in her a moving likeness to his wife of long ago. He had been married in the interval to nine other ladies. Such touches as this are needed to remind one that the author, who reads aloud *Sherlock Holmes* to her father, translates Shakespeare, and remarks that at one stage Zola had 'remained as perhaps the most powerful educator of my soul,' is not a European.

Of the Turkish marriage system she writes: —

On my own childhood polygamy and its results produced a very ugly and distressing impression. The constant tension in our home made every simple family ceremony seem like a physical pain, and the consciousness of it hardly ever left me. The rooms of the wives were opposite each other, and my father visited them by turns. When it was Teize's turn everyone in the house showed a tender sympathy to Abla, while when it was her [Abla's] turn no one heeded the obvious grief of Teize. It was she, indeed, who could conceal her suffering least. She would leave the table with eyes full of tears, and one could be sure of finding her in her room either crying or fainting.

There are many such thought-provoking little

sketches as this. We are told, for instance, that Kemal Pasha dismissed the saintly nephew of the Prophet, revered by the Shiahs, with the words, 'Ali was a fool.'

Throughout this book one is conscious of being in touch with a personality civilized to the core.

**The Twilight of the White Races**, by Maurice Muret. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1926. 10s. 6d.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THE theme of this book is an uncontested truth, which is as much as to say a truism. It is that that portion of mankind which possessed the ascendancy in the world before the war has seen its ascendancy shaken since 1914. This can be stated in a sentence, — without arousing controversy, — but when the sentence is expanded into a book we judge the result by the emphasis laid on this or that clause and by the way in which the component ideas are analyzed. M. Muret's book will not altogether pass muster in either respect. The emphasis is overstrained, until we feel that the theme to be examined has turned in his hands into a thesis to be maintained; and the ideas are not clear. What does the author mean by 'the white races,' whose twilight he announces? He does not count the Russians among them, for example, and indeed he reckons the Russians, under their present régime, as the white man's most formidable enemies. Yet the Russian is just as much a white man, in physical race, as the Frenchman or the Englishman, and M. Muret cannot change the color of his skin, hair, and eyes by calling him a 'Scyth'! In one place M. Muret appears to state that in Charlemagne's time the domain of the white races was confined to the limits of the Carlovingian Empire. This seems to indicate that he is all along confusing the white races with the peoples of Western civilization. But this is a confusion that would gravely vitiate his argument; for, while race is unchangeable, civilization, like religion, is something that is in perpetual process of being acquired or lost, and it is not inbred in any race in particular. At other times, again, M. Muret seems to be thinking neither of the white races nor of Western civilization, but of Europe. His first chapter, for instance, is entitled 'Europe Discredited and Torn Asunder,' and he sometimes seems to place the United States in the hostile camp. Incidentally, he puts 'Wilsonism' second only to Bolshevism as an anti-white force.

This book may, however, have an historical interest as a record of the feelings of a certain school in France during certain years after the war. M. Muret dislikes the Americans; he hates the Russians; and he cannot reconcile himself to

the Germans — though he recognizes that the vendetta between Germany and France has been more responsible than any other factor for bringing on the twilight which he deplores. Yet there are passages in the book which wantonly contribute to the maintenance of ill-feeling, as, for example: 'Her [Germany's] rough and hostile attitude during the unfortunate session of the League in March 1926 shows clearly what it is she expects from her adhesion to the work which is being done in Geneva.'

The best sentence in the book is the last: 'Life continues always, and the end of a world is not necessarily the end of the world.'

**The Outline of Sanity**, by G. K. Chesterton. London: Methuen and Company, 1926. 6s.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

MR. CHESTERTON'S mannerism, no doubt, tends to grow tedious. It is no longer a novelty, and the dialectical gymnastics which seemed amusing in youth are no longer seemly or persuasive when the performer has grown middle-aged. There is also something a little disingenuous in the final reference of all problems to the system of an organized religion which the author has comparatively recently assumed. The atmosphere of secret propaganda, pressing home the claims of 'the real presence of a sacramental religion,' tends only to irritate those who are not allied to that particular form of faith, and who, in nine cases out of ten, fail to see what it has to do with the argument, in any case.

And yet, when all these disabilities are acknowledged, there is, behind almost everything that Mr. Chesterton has to say, a sort of blundering recognition of the truth that continually carries conviction with it. Somehow or other, as he swings his hammer apparently at random, he has a way of hitting the nail full on the head. And this little book, for all its irritating tricks and repetitions, is full of sound blows driven home. It is, in effect, a homily against the worship of machinery, and in particular of that kind of machinery which consists of State Socialism and Big Business. The modern craze for combination, amalgamation, sweeping together of purses and interests, is tending to ruin competition and to dwarf personality. Craftsmanship is already almost demolished; mass production and mass distribution have crowded out the pride of work, and have resulted in perpetually recurring conflict. The modern Trust has the power to crush any private enterprise, and to substitute inferior articles for good. The product is 'nothing,' in Mr. Chesterton's overheated phrase, 'but a loathsome thing called Social Service; which means slavery without loyalty.' Many people,

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he adds, recognize this, but they have no means of expressing their conviction. The channels of propaganda are in the hands of the Big Business, and the soul of humanity is being ground between the upper and the nether millstone. The argument, like everything in Mr. Chesterton's armory, is sharpened to the vanishing point; but there is much substance behind the blade, and its weight is not to be discounted by the eccentricity with which it is brandished.

The Shooting Party, by Anton Chekhov. London: Stanley Paul and Company, 1926. 7s. 6d.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

CHEKHOV's youth was one of scorned delights and laborious days. To maintain his family while he prepared for his medical career he wrote for any editor who would pay him. Among other phases of this drudgery was a term of law reporting, and we can fairly derive this early and startling story from his attention to legal process. The book is a scathing satire on the local examining magistrate, as well as on the disgusting barbarism of Russian country-house life. But the book had to do more than relieve the author's feelings; it had to sell, and so it was given the form of a 'crook' mystery yarn. The modern professionals have reduced this kind of writing to a formula, and are tiresomely neat with their ingenuities. Young Chekhov went into the game clumsily, but if he lacked the knack he did not lack an eye. The bestialities of the count and the wanton lawlessness of the magistrate, the lechery and sottishness of vodka-swilling animals, are melodramatic enough; but realism breaks in. The atmosphere is vividly suggested, and even beauty becomes visible around and about the general corruption. Behind the dark woods where the shooting party caused more destruction to man than to beast there is the suggestion that a cherry orchard might grow. The book was worth translation, though it would be unfair to Chekhov to dig out too much of his early task-work. Mr. Chamot's version has poverty mingled with its utility, but that may be intentional, since he

explains that Chekhov's first writings were a medley of brilliant impressionism and conventionality of phrase.

France, by Sisley Huddleston. London: Ernest Benn, 1926. 21s.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

MR. HUDDLESTON was the obvious choice as author of this the latest addition to Messrs. Benn's well-known series, but he might have been better controlled by its editor. There was need of a good book on the problems presented to-day by France, problems both national and international, for the key to much that is mysterious in Europe is to be found on the banks of the Seine. Mr. Huddleston indeed deals with them faithfully enough, but he has deemed it necessary for their comprehension to attempt a synthesis of France's historical, economic, and intellectual development, with the result that we must work through many pages before we reach even the Third Republic. Such a synthesis has been done before and done better, for Mr. Huddleston does not seem to have undergone a rigorous historical discipline, and leaves much that will be difficult for the uninstructed reader to comprehend. When he does escape from history and comes down to actuality he is infinitely more at home, but has not left himself space enough to give the full analysis and explanation that one desired so much. The treatment, if abbreviated, is, however, admirable. Financial, political, and economic questions are handled boldly and illuminatingly, and their interrelations and international repercussions are ably set forth. But one would have given much to have seen scrapped much of the pages of Capetian, feudal, and monarchist France, and the topical chapters elaborated to form the indispensable work on the subject. Mr. Huddleston has given us a good book, a clever book, and an eminently readable book, which will be of great use to us, but he could have given us a decisive book. Perhaps, having thus cleared the ground, he will start to it now.

## OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

**Go She Must**, by David Garnett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. \$2.50.

DAVID GARNETT's books represent a special taste for the intellectual epicure, much as caviar or litchi nuts make their special appeal to the palate of the gourmet. Those who enjoyed *Lady into Fox*, *A Man in the Zoo*, and *The Sailor's Return* will derive the same kind of pleasure from this admirably condensed tale. Mr. Garnett sets an example — which, alas, too few follow — of wasting no words in fine writing, unnecessary padding, or elaborate description. His style is limpid and direct even where the plot is a bit blurred by fantastic happening or obscured by unexplained causes of remarkable events.

This narrative deals with the escape of an intensely alive young woman from the restrictions and deadening narrowness of a country parsonage. In her caged life she is less important to her eccentric old father than are the wild birds which have proved so much easier to tame and to domesticate than a daughter eager for life, love, and freedom. It is Anne's successful effort in 'unwinding the accursed chain' of uneventful life in Dry Coulter that transports the reader with her to the sophistication of Paris and the companionship of two very modern young men. Mr. Garnett does not seem to us quite so happy when he allows the extravagant and bizarre to creep into what began as a singularly realistic picture of the starved life of Anne Dunnock. 'What a chain is to a yard dog a bicycle is to the daughter of a clergyman,' the girl decides, and realizes that in order to gain what her nature demands 'go she must' beyond the radius of a bicycle. As one watches the birds, so beloved by the slightly deranged old clergyman, flutter through the pages of this little book like symbolic figures forced to fulfill their destinies of stretching their wings, starving, mating, flying away, and returning again, one wonders whether Mr. Garnett had in his subconscious mind the memory of Ibsen's *Wild Duck*, in which the symbolism is much the same.

**Essays in Popular Science**, by Julian Huxley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. \$4.00.

GATHERING together a sheaf of rather unrelated essays and book reviews on such subjects as heredity, environment, Lamarck, birth control, frogs, birds, and psychology, Mr. Huxley makes

a bid for a wide audience by inserting the word 'Popular' in his title. Let the neophyte beware, for this is not one of those 'Science Made Easy' books so common nowadays and so easy for ignorant people to decry as superficial. In spite of a winning literary style and frequent flashes of humor, this remains the work of a specialist, and the general reader will have to work hard to discover what it is all about. We learn, for instance, after some thirty pages of intense concentration and partial comprehension, that individual characteristics are a combination of heredity and environment. We then read with interest how biologists will rotate certain unfortunate rats for hours on end to discover whether their children unto the third and fourth generation will inherit a tendency to dizziness — only to discover that the whirling induces a disease of the ear, which spoils the whole show. But if we applaud Mr. Huxley for his honesty in drawing aside the veil that usually conceals such scientific ineptitudes from the layman, we cannot but be amazed at his fanatical belief in birth control — a cause that is espoused by just the sort of person who once thought that woman suffrage would be the panacea. Mr. Huxley is surely a good enough scientist to know that experts are at loggerheads regarding the efficacy of various contraceptive methods, and he should be a good enough philosopher to reflect that reforms of this type come in God's good time — in other words, when some other more pressing emergency has arisen to distract our attention.

**Napoleon**, by Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1927. \$3.00.

FOR over a century Napoleon left his visible imprint upon the map and mind of Europe. Scholars and biographers have described his strategy and tactics, his philosophy and personal traits, but Emil Ludwig is the first to give us a complete and detached view of the man himself. Over five hundred pages of this book are pure narrative, in which the author weaves into the story Napoleon's own writings and contemporary documents with a skill that amounts to genius. The last hundred-odd pages are recapitulation of Napoleon's characteristics and description of the years at St. Helena.

The author, being German, dwells on the fact that Napoleon was not French at all, but Italian.

At times, especially in the earlier chapters, we detect a resemblance to Mussolini that is not flattering to either party. Mr. Ludwig is too good a Nordic not to be bewitched by the Man of Destiny pose, though the reader can easily see, if he wants to, that Napoleon's belief in his star was a form of pure madness. To summarize this biography would be to outline the life of its subject, and to evoke the picture of Napoleon that finally emerges would require far more space than we have here. We can only say that however much or little one knows about Napoleon, the book is enthralling from end to end. The translation is incredibly good — whether or not it is letter-perfect we neither know nor care. Best of all, the publishers are charging only three dollars for the book, in spite of its enormous size. They should be substantially encouraged.

*George IV*, by Shane Leslie. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1926. \$4.00.

It is only natural that this emancipated age should prove its mettle by reversing unfavorable Victorian judgments on George IV. The thesis of Mr. Leslie's book is that George was not only a dashing and gallant lover, but that his public career was brilliant too. Thackeray is chiefly to blame for the unsavory reputation of this genial monarch, under whom literature and art flourished, while England went from strength to strength. How much good the King himself was responsible for it is hard to say, but he certainly wielded more influence in affairs of state than his present namesake does, and his personality cast a lurid and agreeable glow on the life of his time. Most readers will be persuaded by Mr. Leslie's thesis, reflecting that George's defects were the defects of his day, whereas his virtues were neither inconsiderable nor fruitless. The book is agreeably written, and decidedly clever without sinking into smartness. Fully half our attention is rightly focused on George's amours, and the illustrations drawn from contemporary cartoons are in keeping with the spirit of the text.

*English Mediæval Painted Glass*, by J. D. Le Couteur. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1926. \$3.50.

This volume is a welcome addition to the literature of a subject fascinating both to the lover of art and to the historian, and is quite the equal of Saint and Arnold's recent book, *Stained Glass of the Middle Ages in England and France*. The new work suffers in comparison only from the point of view of illustration, for it relies solely on black and white, thus losing the richness which characterized the plates of its

predecessor. Mr. Le Couteur has confined himself strictly to the glass of England, although in point of time he travels far beyond the mediæval period. As a recognized expert on the subject he writes with authority, and as the possessor of a lucid and interesting style he enlivens what could be a dull subject. One might have wished for a fuller treatment of quarry work and the amazing development of the canopy, but otherwise little fault can be found. There are some excellent chapters on the manufacture of glass, old and new, and sound advice on restoration and preservation, not to mention photographing and description. The illustrations are of typical but lesser-known windows, and are admirably chosen.

*All Summer in a Day: An Autobiographical Fantasia*, by Sacheverell Sitwell. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1926. \$3.50.

Mr. SACHEVERELL SITWELL's repudiation of the 'conventional autobiography replete with little anecdotes' is as welcome as it is thorough; and he disarms criticism of his new conception by labeling it 'Fantasia,' after which, in these days, nothing can be objected. As a counterpoise to the impersonality of his researches into Southern baroque art, Mr. Sitwell exposes to the public view his 'private mythology,' or store of associations. His purpose is to set down what of the past touched his youth intimately, before aging memory overlaid with experience falsifies first impressions. Whether all who respect the piety of his motive will have patience to make their way through the ensuing *catalogue raisonné* — in which the notes have a tendency to overflow and submerge the items they describe — remains a question.

*All Summer in a Day* is divided into two parts, the first a rigidly selective exhibit from the 'arsenal of memory,' the second an attempt to 'distort the present so as to make it full of anecdote and mythology like the past.' In the first, the Picasso portraits of Miss Morgan and Colonel Fantock, conceived in a sort of shadowy fourth dimension, are unforgettable good; in the second, the reader is baffled by perpetual sidetrackings, by a sensation as of hearing dreams told at breakfast, until the shadows of Mr. Sitwell's pleasure excursion bear no more resemblance to the fact than the vast rabbit on the nursery wall reflects the writhed paternal fingers that produce it. This, however, is no doubt part of the author's artfulness. Both divisions are enlivened by characteristic Sitwellian pyrotechnics of impression and expression, and witness an acute and extremely interesting auditory sensitiveness.

## BUSINESS ABROAD

TAKEN in the large, economic reviews of 1926 in the transatlantic press were optimistic — at least, they looked hopefully forward to the coming year as an improvement upon the one just passed. *Retrospect and Prospect* British writers could hardly adopt a different attitude in view of the tremendous industrial crisis from which their country is just emerging. But they also see definite omens of better things in the offing — or even nearer, for the export trade in coal has revived remarkably with the ending of the strike, and during December was the best for the last four years. Moreover, British dealers are selling in markets which the Germans and we ourselves have made every effort to capture permanently. Well toward one million tons went to Mediterranean ports, and nearly one quarter of a million to South America. Although the *Statist* believed that Ambassador Houghton's censorious report to the White House last March was justified by the season's subsequent record, it nevertheless discovered some progress toward better things during the year; and the *Economist* regarded the three conditions most essential to British business prosperity — industrial peace at home, political peace abroad, and stable monetary conditions throughout the world — as reasonably assured for 1927. Certain papers, notably the *Daily Mail* and the *Westminster Gazette*, have started a campaign to boom prosperity. Indeed, the joy which greets the announcement of each new contract obtained by a British firm is almost pathetic when contrasted with England's phlegmatic self-confidence of twenty years ago. Several engineering and shipbuilding companies report important orders for machinery and vessels. The textile trades, particularly worsted and woolen manufacturing and the artificial-silk business, show a distinct revival. Lower cotton prices afford a more hopeful outlook for cotton spinning. But the nation is cautioned against excessive exuberance over these favorable symptoms. The *New Statesman* is unable to discover signs on the horizon to justify extravagant hopes, although it believes the coming year cannot help being better than the one that has just passed, and may improve on 1925; while the *Saturday Review* suggests that "after five or six months of complete inaction it would be an odd thing if they [the iron and steel trades] had not some extra orders to

deal with just now." Nevertheless, the country was able last year to set aside more than two hundred and sixty-four million pounds sterling out of its income to finance new capital expenditures at home, in the colonies, and abroad. This is more than in 1925, particularly in the volume of investments abroad. The British Treasury closed the year by issuing a prospectus of a new government security, to refund some three fourths of a billion dollars' worth of five-per-cent bonds, and about half that quantity of tax-free four-per-cent national war bonds, all of which mature in 1927. The new consols will bear four per cent interest, and will convert a big block of short-term obligations into a long-term debt, at a slight saving of interest to the taxpayer.

During 1926 price movements in Continental Europe were characterized by a steady rise in the cost of food products, and an equally consistent fall in the cost of manufactured goods. In Germany the average price of agricultural produce rose nearly seventeen per cent, while that of manufactures fell more than nine per cent; and similar increases and declines, though somewhat less marked, occurred in Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Hungary. This reflects to some extent the poor harvests of 1926 as compared with the previous year. It also helps to explain the fact that in France retail prices continued to rise up to the end of the year, notwithstanding the ascending value of the franc. Wholesale prices in that country fell, however, from their peak in July, when they were seven hundred and fifty points higher than in July 1910, to only five hundred and ninety points above that level at the end of November.

Just before Christmas the Bank of France again took charge of the franc, which had been under the care of the Treasury during *France* its convalescence from its collapse last summer. The Government has announced that it will not pay doles to its unemployed, but will give them work instead, thus refusing to follow British and German precedent — which there is little temptation to do in any case. Naturally the success of this policy will depend upon how widespread unemployment becomes. This programme may also have a bearing upon the debt problem. *L'Opinion* predicts that France will be forced to ratify the Bérenger

Accord, in order to get funds for the public works proposed. 'While we personally remain of the opinion that large foreign credits are indispensable for the final stabilization of our currency, we must admit that financial experts believe that France can find funds enough at home or in Europe to accomplish this; but even the most optimistic stop there, and it is evident that we shall not be able to obtain from these sources money to undertake the vast public works necessary to solve the problem of unemployment and to provide France and her colonial empire with the improvements they urgently require.' During 1926 France mined four million more tons of coal than she did the previous year, and eight million more tons than in 1913. Her output of iron and steel rose to over nine million tons and eight million tons respectively, an increase of well toward one million tons above the previous season. Her textile industries did not exhibit such marked expansion, but exports of both cotton and silk fabrics were larger in 1926 than in 1925, and in case of the latter reached a record. Relatively to its total tonnage, the French merchant marine was better employed last year than that of any other maritime nation. In round numbers, only one hundred and fifty thousand tons of nearly three and one-half million tons of shipping were idle.

Germany's business statisticians have been busy of late with graphs and diagrams showing that the country has turned the curve in the recent depression and is now on the upgrade. We present below two cuts confirming this, so far as figures showing unemployment and bankruptcies and receiverships are conclusive. During 1926 the stock market recorded more transactions than it had since the wild inflation period of 1923. This activity is ascribed to various causes,

among the chief of which are the American financial invasion and the active demand for coal during the British strike. The latter stimulated particularly mining and shipping shares. A well-known economic writer estimates in *Berliner Tageblatt* that since 1923, when Germany struggled out of her inflation crisis, she

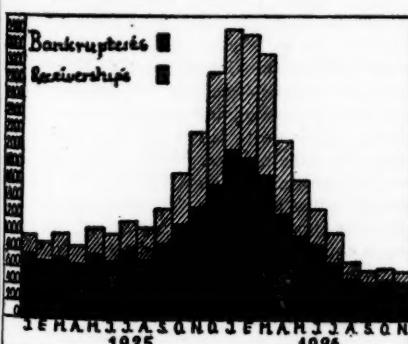


German unemployment by months, three ciphers omitted

has increased her capital by between fifteen and eighteen billion marks, or, in round figures, by about four billion dollars. This is the increase of domestic capital alone, and does not include foreign loans and other alien investments in Germany. The estimate is based upon a study of deposits in commercial and savings banks, new security issues absorbed within the country, and other bookkeeping evidences of capital growth after eliminating possible duplications. What the author calls 'invisible capital increases' — represented, for example, by turning back earnings into a business — are not taken into account, although they are assumed to have been large, in view of the extensive modernization of industrial plants out of income. Neither do the figures include money collected from the taxpayers by national, local, and city governments and used to pay for reproductive or quasi-reproductive undertakings — such as city housing. Last year Germany converted an unfavorable trade balance of 2630 million marks in 1925 into a favorable balance of more than a quarter of a million marks. This was due largely to a curtailment of imports, especially of manufactured goods. Apart from the heavy coal shipments due to the mining strike, the rise in exports was not marked.

Business has not been as good in the new states carved out of the old Austro-Hungarian

Empire, and in their Balkan neighbors, as it has been in Northern and Western Europe. During 1926 to Rome Czechoslovakia experienced the worst industrial depression since her great deflation crisis in 1922-1923. Her industrial output, which had attained ninety-three per cent of its pre-war level by the end of 1925, fell to sixty-eight per cent last July. Happily, however,



German bankruptcies and receiverships by months, in gold marks, three ciphers omitted

there has been an improvement since, which brought this figure up to eighty-four per cent in October, the last month reported. The causes of the crisis were a rapid decline in the prices of important manufactures, especially textiles, and the dumping of goods in the Czechoslovak market by countries, such as France, Belgium, and Italy, having an inflated currency. A notable exception to the depression over most of the Danube valley was exhibited by Hungary, where practically every branch of industry except flour milling has been unusually prosperous. Railways have earned exceptionally high returns, and agriculture, while not exactly booming, has been in a sound condition. Yugoslavia, however, has had a hard time of it during the past season. Her peasants have come out of the year more heavily in debt than ever, the timber industry has been depressed, flour milling has shared the stagnation in Hungary, and banks are pursuing an ultraconservative policy in respect to credits. While Italy congratulates herself that the lira finished the year ten per cent higher on the foreign exchanges than twelve months before, and nearly one third higher than in the middle of the summer, business is nevertheless depressed. Even though pessimistic prognostications that the Government's drastic policy of boosting the lira would result in idle factories and famished workmen have not come true, the country has not been immune to deflation troubles. Notwithstanding the rising value of the lira, stock exchange quotations are lower than ever. The Government's five-per-cent bonds have fallen twenty points, half of this loss occurring during the closing month of the year. The decline of industrial shares is attributed to stringent credit restriction, which has forced the business world to raise abroad the money it needed for current expenses—at heavy discounts and high rates of interest—and to withdraw the reinsurance deposits it had made in banks outside the country, where reserve funds had been placed as an anchor to windward in case of a crash at home.

The Turkish Government has signed a contract with a group of Belgian financiers to develop the Port of Samsun on the Black Sea and to build two branch lines of standard gauge, each seventy-five miles long, connecting the Bagdad Railway with important interior towns. These lines are designed to be extended eventually to Black Sea ports. The total amount involved in these contracts is about twenty million dollars, one half payable in cash and the other half in short-

term Treasury bonds. Rumor has it that a contract for railways and harbor works has also been signed with a group of Swedish financiers. According to the last reports, the action of the Egyptian Government in supporting the price of cotton by purchasing all January contracts offered on the Alexandria market at a fixed price was taken simply in order to keep speculators from unduly depressing quotations. The Government prices of \$23.50 per cantar for 'Sakelarides' and \$15.50 for 'Ashmuni' are the lowest points that prices have touched this season, and few actual purchases are likely to be made at those figures.

Although 1926 was by no means a prosperous year in Japan, new capital investments during *Around the first eleven months amounted to more than \$850,000,000 in United States currency.* Over one fourth of this was accounted for by electrical developments, and nearly one sixth by railway and trolley extensions. The expansion of manufactures was by no means marked, although several companies earned high profits. Among dividends recorded in recent corporation reports are fourteen per cent paid to the shareholders of the Dai Nippon Sugar Company, and twelve per cent to those of the Toho Electrical Power Company. Following the American slogan, 'The cotton mill to the cotton field,' Australia is taking the woolen mill to the sheep station. The Commonwealth already has fifty-two of these establishments, more than one half of which are in Victoria, and their annual consumption of wool has risen from less than ninety thousand bales before the war to nearly double that quantity last year. They turn out principally tweeds, flannels, blankets, and rugs, the last of which rival those for which New Zealand has long been famous. Australia also has between two and three hundred knitting mills, most of which, however, are relatively small affairs. Business remains quiet in Latin America, except so far as it is in the hands of great corporations like the United Fruit Company and the Chile Copper Company, which serve stable and carefully regulated markets. Peru's exchange continues to fall in response to her unfavorable trade balance, which is due to partial crop failures in 1925 and 1926, and to the low price of cotton and sugar. Treasury and banking efforts to support the Peruvian pound, which at par is equal to the pound sterling but has been at a discount for several years, have proved ineffective, and at the close of December it stood below \$3.60.

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